

# The Nation.

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## The Week.

CONGRESS has been waiting till the tax on whiskey and tobacco is finally arranged, and, meantime, has been getting through with a good deal of work, of a kind not specially interesting to the general public. On Wednesday week the bill in relation to the national currency passed the Senate, and now goes to the House, where it is likely to pass without much discussion or delay. It is the bill in which Mr. Sherman endeavored to expand the currency, on the plea of establishing national banks in the Territories and the South. He was unable to effect this, however, and the parts of the country unsupplied with banks are to be supplied by a diminution in the currency of those States now oversupplied. The House, on the same day, laid on the table the bill to reduce the burdens on American commerce by allowing a drawback of the duties on certain materials used in ship-building. The agricultural and mining interests opposed and defeated the bill. On Thursday there was debate in the Senate on a topic that has once before been pretty fully discussed. The *Golden Fleece* is an American vessel which sailed under the British flag during the rebellion, for the reason that her owners did not want to lose her, and our Government seemed quite unable to do its duty by its citizens in protecting their ships from Confederate cruisers. Her owners now want an American register for her, but the Senate refuses, and virtually declares that it was the owners' duty to stop business, or to carry it on at imminent risk of losing their property, or under the disadvantage of paying war-risks that would soon have driven them from the sea. There can be little doubt that it is time for Congress to relax the stringency of its patriotic rule on this subject. In the House, on the same day, a stop was put to a gigantic fraud on the Osage Indians and the American people, by which 8,000,000 acres of Indian land were sold at a ridiculously low rate to

a railroad company. "A commission of thieves" Mr. Julian called the men who negotiated the transfer. In the House, on Friday, a bill framed by Mr. O'Neill, of Philadelphia, which may be called a bill for the protection of immigrants during the coming campaign, was passed. It regulates the carriage of passengers in steamships and other vessels, and is a humane measure which may possibly be enforced. The House, on Saturday, made short work of the President's message in regard to the Arkansas bill, passing that measure over the veto in a very few minutes by 111 yeas to 31 nays. On Monday the Senate passed the bill over the veto by 30 yeas to 7 nays, and on Tuesday administered the oath to the new senators. On Monday Mr. Schenck brought in his bill to tax whiskey and tobacco, and that will be the subject of discussion, probably, for some days.

Mr. Schenck, from the Committee of Ways and Means, has brought in the new Tax bill, as instructed by the House, and we trust every body who is interested in the success of the Republican party and the safety of the public credit will read the speech he made on Monday in doing so. It must be remembered that this new bill has been forced on the committee, which is, therefore, not responsible for it. The tactics by which the regular Tax bill was defeated were, as Mr. Schenck pointed out, unprecedented in Congressional annals. Never before, we believe, has a Committee of Ways and Means been denied a hearing in defence of a financial measure of the highest importance and the result of five months' hard, honest labor, and it was only accorded in this case after a good deal of filibustering. Mr. Schenck's opinion is that, in point of time, nothing is gained by the new bill; that had the House stuck to its work at the old bill through the past week it would have got through the whiskey and tobacco sections by Monday last; and that in throwing aside provisions made by the first bill for additions to the revenue, such as the additions made to the tax on banks and the doubling of the tax on the sales of wholesale dealers, the revenue will fall short of the wants of the country. The new bill proposes to fix the whiskey tax at 60 cents instead of 70, as in the last; but the House has fixed it at 50, in spite of what appeared to be a plan organized between the whiskey ring and the enemies of Grant to defeat any attempt to change the whiskey tax at all, by repeated motions to keep it at \$1, or lower to twenty-five cents, and thus keep up during the campaigns the scandal caused by the present frauds and abuses. An excellent occasion offers for people who are fond of writing letters to members of Congress to indulge their propensity. Any Republican member who now takes part in any factious opposition to the Tax bill, either by dilatory motions or otherwise, ought to be "criticised," abused, and privately dealt with, and held up to odium to any extent that may be necessary to subdue and reform him.

The House Committee, to whom was referred the question whether or not Congress has power to regulate and control railroads, have reported that, in their opinion, Congress has no such power except in the case of railroads which "form parts of continuous lines extending from one State to another." In other words, they apply to railroads the constitutional doctrine which asserts the right of Congress to control a navigable stream which is a means of commerce between two or more States, and denies the right of Congressional interference with the navigation of a stream wholly within the limits of one State and unconnected with the waters of other States. The committee were instructed, if they found that Congress had the desired power, to report a bill providing for, first, the safety of passengers; second, uniform and equitable rates of fare; third, uniform and equitable charges for

freight; and, finally, proper connections of railroad with railroad. This they ask to be excused from doing; the bill should be prepared, they say, after full and careful examination of experts. We hope the question will not be allowed to drop into forgetfulness. The railroad corporations are already of immense power. They own New Jersey, for example, and, any day they like, a railroad president or two can reduce Washington to the telegraph for communication with New York. The Postmaster has to make what terms he can, not what terms the law commands, in getting the New Jersey railroads to carry the mails. We cannot tell till next October whether Mr. Drew and Mr. Vanderbilt have not now entered into an alliance which puts for many important purposes the whole State of New York into their hands. It is plain that we need a different order of things from what we had when the Constitution was adopted, when railroads were unthought of, and when the whole inter-State commerce amounted in value to what the Erie Railway does in a day or a day and a half.

It now seems as if we should never know what Judge Field, of the Supreme Court, said at Mr. Jeremiah Black's dinner party. The committee of the House appointed some months ago to enquire into the matter has asked to be discharged from the further consideration of it, without making any report. We do not like to cast any imputation on anybody, but we cannot help saying that this lame and impotent conclusion has a most suspicious look. We shall ask one or two plain questions about it; if, to use the language of another great exposé of abuses, any friend of ours thinks we shall damage ourselves by them, "we advise him to get out of the way." Has, or has not, Judge Field been seen conversing, in low tones, with any member of the committee, in any lobby or lobbies of the Capitol, during the last three months? What has he done with his last quarter's salary, and with his last California dividends? Are they lying in his bank? If not, what has become of them? We hardly venture to hope that he will answer these questions. Men that have been at so many dinner parties as he are apt to be hardened; but we may safely leave it to a betrayed public to put a proper construction on his silence.

To make Senator Sherman's bill for keeping the currency equally diffused really effective, it is not enough to make a fresh distribution of currency among the several States; a supplemental bill should be passed, forbidding the accumulation, under any circumstances, of more than a certain amount of currency in any one State. This will be the way to get the better of the greedy Wall Street men. We all know, too, the great inconvenience which is occasioned, both in domestic life and in agriculture, by the unwillingness of water to run up-hill. Why not let us have a short bill, before Congress adjourns, depriving water of this disagreeable quality, and making it squirt and flow in all directions with equal facility? The saving of labor this would cause would be enormous.

We spoke some months ago of the attempt which was being made by the Californian Legislature to break through the conditions attached to the grant, made by the General Government to the State, of the Yosemite Valley. The condition was that that magnificent scene should be reserved for ever as a park or pleasure-ground for all comers. The Californian Legislature, however, "moved thereto," no doubt, as the old indictments say, "by the instigation of the devil," whom the spectacle of human enjoyment of so much beauty and sublimity would, doubtless put fairly beside himself, have been conveying large tracts of the valley to two squatters, whose cuttings and diggings and taverns and liquors would utterly deface it, and convert it into a repulsive resort of tipplers and trotters. The bill has been vetoed by the governor and passed over his head, and now only waits the confirmation of Congress to take effect; but this, we trust, it will never receive. There ought to be enough men of taste and sensibility in both Houses to block the scheme effectually. The Valley is, at present, in the hands of a commission, composed of competent persons, charged with the duty of laying it out for public use. A petition against any concessions to the Californian vandals is in circulation, and ought to be numerously signed.

Mr. Johnson has sent in another veto—this time to the Arkansas bill. It was the general expectation that, sobered by events, he was going to let this opportunity escape him; but this, it seems, was based on a miscount of the time he had allowed to run by. He repeats his old argument against the right of Congress to impose any terms on any of the States, as a condition of readmission to the Union, being apparently still of opinion that this is one of the things which the President only can lawfully do. Commenting on the oath which binds the Arkansas elector not to attempt to create political discriminations between persons, on account of race or color, he asks, with much solemnity, "What will happen in case the people of Arkansas should see fit, hereafter, in defiance of this oath, to alter their constitution, and create such discriminations?" He, however, does not answer his question himself, and he can hardly expect any one else to do so.

The air is thick with rumors of a reconciliation between Butler and Grant, Mr. George Wilkes being the mediator. The correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* tells the story of the negotiations in a letter to that paper, but we hope the recital will be put into a more permanent form. Butler's griefs are three: 1. That Grant removed him from the command of the Army of the James. 2. That Grant spoke unfairly of him in his report. 3. That Grant invited him to an evening party in Washington after the war. To which Grant replies: 1. That when he invited Butler to his evening party he really desired Butler's presence at that entertainment, and did not mean to insult him, as Butler cruelly and falsely imagined. 2. That when he used the phrase "bottled up," he used it in a technical military sense. The basis of reconciliation is: 1. That Grant's card of invitation be taken as a *bond-fide* invitation, intended to bring Butler to the feast. 2. That Butler's unkind return of that card be considered, as diplomatists say, *non avenue*. 3. That if Butler retains unpleasant recollections of his operations on the James River he may demand a court of enquiry. The latest news is of Sunday night, and at that date "Butler's friends" were understood to be satisfied.

Senator Fowler, in a speech in Tennessee, has been making some unpleasant remarks about the conduct of Messrs. Wade and Sumner in the impeachment matter, and has alleged that "the whole House of Representatives is under the lead of those good old Democrats, B. F. Butler and John A. Logan." We are very sorry that Senator Fowler can find no better occupation for his vacation than making attacks of this kind on his colleagues and on the House of Representatives, and thought this particular one both weak and foolish. But all animadversion on him is rendered unnecessary by the remark of the *New York Tribune*, that his attack on the House is "in wretched taste." Condemnation from the *Tribune*, on this point, is like a gentle tap on the scalp from a steam-hammer—nothing more is needed. A man might be a very good fellow, and be disapproved of by Chesterfield; but when the *Tribune* says his language is in "wretched taste," women and children, and even decent men, ought to avoid his society. Mr. Butler has retorted by showing that Senator Fowler, in 1866, travelled 500 miles to see him at his home in Lowell, "to urge him vehemently not to cease his efforts till Andrew Johnson was impeached."

It looks as if the financial question in France must shortly come to a crisis. A new loan has been announced for \$88,000,000. The present Emperor found the public debt about \$1,000,000,000; after the addition to it of this last loan, it will reach \$2,775,000,000, and the interest on this will be equal in amount to that paid by Great Britain on a debt of \$4,000,000,000, owing to the bad terms on which the Imperial loans have been negotiated. It is true that neither the debt nor the interest will then be any greater than that of the United States, but they will bear on a population which hardly increases, and which supports 500,000 men in the flower of their age in complete idleness. The financial condition of the city of Paris is,



owing to Baron Haussmann's improvements, even worse than that of the State, as he bids fair to "improve" the inhabitants out of house and home. He has made three distinct sets of improvements. The first cost \$52,000,000, and has been paid for; the second he was authorized to make by law, and it was to cost \$30,000,000, but it turns out that it will cost \$82,000,000; the third one he is now at work upon, without any authorization whatever, and it is to cost \$60,000,000. Moreover, he borrowed \$75,000,000 for these purposes from the *Crédit Foncier*, on his own motion, without any legal warrant, and had it charged to the city; and, what is more extraordinary, the *Crédit Foncier* lent it without asking for his authority, showing that the "legal mind" is rare enough in France to satisfy any Son of Thunder in this country who wants to have the government carried on by "popular instinct" and public speaking, without the aid of rules or forms. The "*Cours des Comptes*," which has in a loose way the supervision of the municipal accounts, has now brought the Baron to book, and compelled him to acknowledge a deficit. The burden disclosed is so enormous that it looks as if either a portion of it would have to be thrown on the already overtaken general treasury, or the city would have to be laid under taxes that will diminish population and drive away strangers, to whom it owes so much of its prosperity.

The last telegraphic news foreshadows the defeat of the Irish Church bill in the House of Lords; but as a dissolution of Parliament seems certain, this will not affect its ultimate fate. Mr. Disraeli, after trying to raise the "No Popery" cry with indifferent success, has taken to calling the disestablishment scheme an attempt at "revolution," and declares that the people must be consulted before anything so dreadful is accomplished. The *New York World*, in a long and elaborate article on this subject the other day, brought the coronation oath, binding the Queen to "maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the Church, and the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government thereof as by law established," etc., as a reason for believing that she would be forced to veto it. We have always supposed that the question of the force of the coronation oath, as regards legislation, was settled finally in the minds of all reasonable men by the discussion created by George the Third's scruples on the Catholic question. It is certainly the general understanding of English lawyers that the oath only binds the sovereign in his executive capacity; that in his capacity as a branch of the legislature, one of the enacting powers, he is under the same restrictions and no others as the House of Commons, and is bound, in vetoing and assenting to bills, to govern himself by the same considerations. It will certainly not be asserted in terms, that it was in the power of Elizabeth's Parliament to do anything which the present Parliament is not competent to undo, which is, however, what is really asserted by implication when it is said that Parliament has no power to disestablish the Irish Church. As regards the sacredness of Church property, whatever part this idea may have played in the Middle Ages, it has now no place in the jurisprudence of any civilized country. All modern governments deal with it on the same principles as other endowments.

The Municipal Council of Florence (Italy), which seems to have the control of the schools of the city, has been discussing the question by which every Catholic country, and every country in which Catholics are to be found in large numbers, is likely to be torn during the next fifty years—for we feel sure that, whatever laws may be passed, that period, at least, will have elapsed before the priests give up the struggle—viz.: Who shall control the schools—the state or the clergy? The point raised in Florence is whether the priests shall teach religion in the common schools or not, Tuscany being still exempt from the general school law of the rest of the kingdom. It is feared that if the common schools are taken completely out of the hands of the clergy, they will use their influence to keep the children away from them. On the other hand, the firmest opponents of clerical influence and firmest defenders of educational freedom are the members of what may almost be called a new sect, the "*Liberi Pensatori*," or Free Thinkers, who are the enemies of all religious teaching, and, in fact, of all religious feeling. This party, the equivalent of the French Eu-

cyclopædists and English "Secularists," which is swelling its ranks every day amongst the town populations, and which refuses to concern itself with a future state at all, seems to be, in our day, the usual product of revolt against Catholicism. Protestantism, in the ordinary sense of the term, no longer gains what Catholicism loses. The chief opponent of priestly teaching at Florence, however, is a statistician, Signor Maestri, the Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, who takes the ground that no system of popular education can ever be established in Italy, or, if established, can be made effective, if the clergy are allowed to have anything to do with it, and that, as they must be fought, they may as well be fought first as last.

The Cretan trouble has entered upon a new and singular phase. The fighting has, as yet, decided nothing, inasmuch as the Cretans hold one portion of the island and the Turks another, and when we hear of peace, it means simply a temporary cessation of hostilities; but not even a truce. The Cretans have, however, been unable to make any impression on the Great Powers, and are apparently as far off from recognized annexation to Greece as ever. But they have determined to cut the knot themselves, and, accordingly, have sent deputies to Athens to represent them in the Greek Parliament. Amongst the number is M. Flourens, a French Philhellene, who has been fighting on the side of the insurgents ever since the insurrection broke out, and has actually proved enthusiastic enough to have himself "naturalized" by the Provisional Government. The sacrifice is not, however, so great as it seems, as we presume he does not lose his French citizenship by accepting that of a state of which the French Foreign Office knows nothing. The police in the Piræus attempted to prevent the delegates landing; but they have made their way to Athens, where the question of admitting them to seats has been creating a good deal of excitement. The Turkish Minister has protested in a note, in which it is said the representatives of the other Great Powers have joined. He announces that if they are received, he will demand his passports; and it is hard to see how Turkey could avoid treating it as a *casus belli*. The advantage to the Cretans of pressing the matter is, however, plain enough. It would be hard for them to hit on a form of demonstration more likely to impress the European imagination.

The Sultan's "Grand Council," which is to transform Turkey into a constitutional government, is getting slowly to work, and the chiefs of the rayah races, that is, the Patriarchs and Grand Rabbi, have paid him a visit in state, to thank him for his concessions. There is no good reason for supposing, however, that the scheme will work any better than other Turkish reforms. The disease of which the empire is perishing is, like all serious national diseases, moral rather than political. The fundamental reason why Turkey does not flourish is not because the laws are not good, but because Turks are Turks, and Bulgarians Bulgarians, and Greeks Greeks. There may be something behind this to account for the phenomenon of Turkish decrepitude, but if there is, it has not yet been found out. The Sultan is simply going through the hallucination by which nearly all reformers in Christian countries were possessed at the end of the last century, that all that was needed to make a nation free and happy was a well-drawn constitution. He will wake out of it, as they have done, if he lives long enough. What the combination of influences is which enables a people to live under laws of its own making no mortal can tell, though we can with tolerable certainty point out single circumstances which do not affect the case. The Hungarians are of the same race as the Turks, and yet they have shown more political capacity of a certain kind—and that a very high kind—than the Germans, who are of the same race as the English and Americans. The Irish are of the same race as the French, and yet stand lower in organizing power, while the French stand higher than any other European people. So that we may say with safety that it is not race simply which makes the spectacle of Turks sitting in parliament a comical and absurd spectacle; but what it is, who can tell? Any real solution of the difficulty would go far to account for the whole difference between Oriental and European civilization.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

### THE FINANCIAL PROSPECT.

It is by no means as unreasonable or unsuitable as many people think, that the national fiscal year should close with the close of June. There is, on the contrary, much wisdom in it, and it is a pity that we should not be able to take the national census also at this precise time, as it would result in a far more accurate statement of our national wealth than when taken at any other season. What a nation most needs to know in this respect is the amount of its production, the amount of its consumption, and the balance between the two, the year's surplus, the savings of the nation, the addition to the total national wealth, so as to ascertain whether the whole people as a body are making every year that addition to their substance which is one of the absolute conditions of national welfare. The summer is the time to ascertain this. In early summer, before the new crops come in to confuse the account, we can best ascertain how much we have *saved* out of last year's crops, how much we have *failed to consume* of the products of last year's labor, how much we have *added* to the national wealth.

For these reasons the time seems to us peculiarly appropriate for studying the condition of our national household. The data to guide us are unfortunately very imperfect, but such as they are they will enable us to arrive at many conclusions of interest and importance.

The one great feature of our national housekeeping which obtrudes itself on our attention first, last, and at all times, our national debt, must here likewise claim attention first. We find on examination that from Sept. 1, 1865, when the debt first became fairly settled and its highest point was reached, up to June 1, 1866, a period of nine months, the total amount of the debt was reduced by nearly ninety millions. In the twelvemonth from June 1, 1866, to June 1, 1867, the total amount was reduced by the very large sum of over one hundred and fifty millions. In other words, the taxes levied upon the people's property and income sufficed to pay the regular expenses of the nation and the interest on the debt, and left a surplus in nineteen months of nearly two hundred and fifty millions, or of over thirteen millions a month, to be applied to the reduction of the debt. For the twelvemonth expiring June 1, 1868, the total reduction of the debt amounts to less than six millions of dollars, or about one-fortieth of the reduction of the previous year. As there has been no important change in the *rates* of taxation sufficient to affect materially the result for the past year, we must infer that the *amount* taxed, the property and income of the people, has been less, or else that the expenses of the nation have been greater. The very imperfect information vouchsafed to the people on this subject by their servants at Washington does not enable us to judge accurately to what extent the expenses have been greater than last year. The interest on the public debt has probably not been greater; the amount of debt on which interest was paid was less than last year, and the conversion of the debt from currency interest-bearing to coin interest-bearing securities has rather diminished than increased the rate of interest; for although, when calculated in currency, the coin interest makes a larger sum, yet this should not adversely change the figures in the Treasury accounts, since the interest is collected in coin from the customs duties, and in the departmental accounts coin and greenbacks are counted equal. The other ordinary expenses of the government cannot or should not have been much greater than last year; but a large portion of the year's income has been paid out as an extraordinary expense for bounties, estimated at about sixty millions. Even this large sum, of which only a small portion has really gone to benefit the troops, to whom it was pretended to be appropriated as a national gift or reward, cannot account for the striking deficiency. Indeed, it is confidently asserted that the payments on account of bounties have been purposely retarded and evaded as long as possible, in order not to alarm the people by too unfavorable exhibits of the Treasury's condition; and at the same time journals known as warm supporters of the financial department of the admin-

istration tell us that the last month's statement would have shown a much larger increase in the debt if the War Department requisitions had not been kept back for the same reason. It is, therefore, not unfair to surmise that but for these various devices the debt, instead of nominally decreasing during the year, would have shown a real increase of considerable magnitude. How far the surmise is correct we shall probably not learn positively until the middle of August, unless the totally inexcusable and suspicious practice of entirely withholding the June debt statement should this year be abandoned. But leaving all surmise aside, the fact remains that the reduction of the debt has fallen one hundred and fifty millions below that of last year, without important reductions in the rate of taxation, and without extraordinary expenditures sufficient to account for more than a small portion of the difference.

The inference is inevitable. The taxes have not been collected, or else the taxable property and income have diminished. That the former is the case to a very large extent everybody is well aware. The open, undisguised frauds in the collection of the whiskey and tobacco taxes are a disgrace to the nation, and are exerting a most poisonous influence upon public and private morals. The income from the whiskey tax, which should produce two hundred millions, will, it is said, fall below twenty millions, the difference of one hundred and eighty millions being divided between dishonest distillers and corrupt tax collectors. But the whiskey tax was not much better collected last year than it has been this, and the falling off in our surplus, as compared with last year, cannot, therefore, be due to the whiskey ring. There is in fact only one way to account for the falling off of our national income, and that is, startling as the statement may appear, *our steadily increasing poverty*. The people of the United States are, and have been for several years past, steadily decreasing in wealth. It is to this cause and to no other that we must attribute the falling off in our surplus revenue during the last year.

We do not propose to answer all the objections to our assertion, especially not those based upon "our vast mineral resources, the wealth of our merchant princes, our miles of marble palaces, and our leagues of costly equipages, etc." We do not intend to enquire what the total property of the nation is estimated at in greenback dollars and cents. If a man owns one cow, she can produce but one calf and a given amount of milk per annum, whether her market price be one hundred dollars or fifty, whether the calf sell for ten dollars or twenty, and the milk for five cents a gallon or for ten. Whatever the price may be in greenbacks or gold, there will be but one cow, one calf, and just one cow's daily milk. And when the calf is killed, it will furnish just one meal to fifty or a hundred people, no matter what the meat sells at per pound. The question of wealth for a nation is not how many dollars will their milch cows sell for, but how many milch cows are there to produce calves and milk to feed a hungry people. Now, a comparison of the census of 1860 with recent reports of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington shows that, whereas the people of the United States have largely increased in numbers, the milch cows have decreased to the extent of fully five per cent.; that, where before the war enough calves were every year allowed to grow up to furnish an addition to the existing number of milch cows, during the war and since not enough have been allowed to grow up even to replace the number of cows annually dying, much less to keep up the increase required by the growing wants of a growing population. Is it to be wondered that milk and butter and meat are high? Is it necessary to attribute to paper money some miraculous influence in raising prices, when we see that in this instance, at least, the rise in prices is due to a very different cause? Is the nation poorer or not in the matter of milch cows? The farmer who values his cow at one hundred dollars may think himself richer than when his cow was worth fifty dollars only, but the nation that has four hundred thousand less milch cows to feed four millions more people can scarcely be thought to have increased its wealth.

In our climate and with our habits milk and all its products are an absolute necessity. Hence, whatever else may be recklessly consumed, wasted, or destroyed, milch cows will be carefully preserved and every effort made to keep up their number. Thus the decrease in the number of milch cows, though sufficiently startling, is in reality



comparatively light. The decrease in the number of milch cows is estimated at five per cent. for the seven years; the decrease in the number of oxen and working cattle during the same time is six times as great, or over thirty per cent.; the decrease in asses and mules is twenty-eight per cent., in horses seventeen per cent., in swine nearly twenty-five per cent. Truly, most startling figures. Of all domestic animals the only one that has increased in numbers is the sheep, and here the increase is large, nearly seventy per cent. The cutting off of our cotton supply during the war, with the necessity of substituting wool wherever practicable, and the enormous demand for woollen clothing and blankets for the army, made it seem extremely profitable to raise sheep; few were killed for meat, and they increased rapidly, until we have more than the country needs or can use. In a dollars-and-cents estimate of our wealth, this increase in the number of sheep may partially offset the decrease in the number of other cattle, but it cannot in any real estimate of our wealth. The value of sheep is based almost exclusively on their wool, and we are producing more wool than we fairly know what to do with; we cannot produce it cheaply enough to export it; it is selling to-day at less in greenbacks than before the war in gold; and the whole Northwest is clamorous for higher duties on the few fine imported wools, as though that would suddenly increase the demand for our home product. (This is another illustration of the way in which prices rise and fall without the slightest reference to an inflated currency). We cannot, except under direct compulsion, as during the war, substitute wool for cotton or linen; we cannot, except to a very moderate extent, eat mutton, even were it ever so cheap, which it is not; nor do sheep yield us milk, butter, cheese, nor have we found means to make them labor for us. It appears, therefore, that the apparent increase of our wealth through the increased number of sheep will only very slightly offset the actual and positive decrease of our wealth through the decrease in the number of horses, mules, cows, and oxen. The fact remains, that we are as a people very much poorer in domestic animals than we were a few years ago.

The figures in regard to domestic animals are so striking and their importance is so readily understood, that we have given them fuller consideration. But we might go through one-half the principal objects comprising our national wealth with the same result. With the exception of corn, our supply of almost every article of farinaceous food is less to-day than it has been for years at this season. Our stock of cotton is less than one-half of what it was this time last year, and shrewd dealers fear that we, the United States of America, may again have to import cotton from Europe this summer, as our supply will not suffice to keep our mills going until the new crop comes in. Surely we are not rich in cotton. Six or seven steamships cross the Atlantic Ocean weekly from and to our shores; not one of them is ours. We are not rich in steamships, save in the costly and unwieldy monsters rusting away our wealth under the name of vessels of war out of commission or laid up in ordinary. The foreign steamers ploughing the Atlantic bring us weekly their costly loads of foreign merchandise; but even of these we have no accumulated stocks to represent our wealth. Even in foreign merchandise we are poorer than usual. Whatever arrives is rapidly consumed, and we look around in vain in all our markets to find the wherewithal to pay for them. We are exporting next to nothing; we have next to nothing to export, to pay our debts with, save—promises to pay our debts at some future time, that is to say, our bonds, five-twenties, and ten-forties. But even these are not taken abroad in sufficient numbers or with sufficient rapidity to pay for all we owe, and hence we are obliged to send gold; send it in larger quantities than we have ever sent it before—over forty-six millions of dollars since the first of January; send it, too, at a time when all Europe is at peace, and the banks of England and France and all the principal Continental cities are glutted with the accumulation of idle coin; send it until our stock even of gold has fallen off nearly twelve per cent. from what it was this time last year; send it, it seems likely, until some day we shall suddenly awake to find ourselves ten years further off from specie payments than we now seem to be.

The coming fall is going to be our season of trial. From what we have said, it must be evident that the Secretary of the Treasury has, with the utmost good management, been barely able during the last twelvemonth to keep his head above water, and that it is doubtful now

whether the year about to close will not have to close on a financial deficiency, an actual increase over last year in the amount of the total debt. The prospect for the more distant future is gloomier still. In face of the fact that the present income of the Government is barely sufficient for meeting its expenditures, Congress has reduced that income one-fourth, by remitting the manufacturing taxes to the extent of about eighty millions without making the slightest provision for an increase of revenue from any other source. It proposes, it is true, to reduce the tax on whiskey, which is in itself a measure of unquestionable wisdom. But the whole administration of the revenue is so lax and irregular that honest men are compelled to protest against well-established taxes because their neighbors and competitors are not called upon to pay them; and the head of the revenue department is so much occupied with a quarrel with his official superior that he keeps the most important questions "under advisement," and both the people and the officials are beginning to believe that there is no head to the department at all. The Secretary himself is the object of violent attacks, coupled with repeated rumors of his intended resignation and of the appointment of his successor, all evidently intended to force him to resign.

It is impossible to disguise the fact that our position is a very serious one, but the whole country seems infatuated with the contrary belief, or, at least, is sunk in total apathy or wrapt in ignorant selfishness. Can it be that sensible men are indifferent to the fact that Congress is about to adjourn with an all but undoubted revenue deficit of many millions staring us in the face? Is it of little or no consequence that the two most important financial officials of the country are openly at war at the very time when our whole financial system requires the most skilful handling to prevent the most awkward complications? Who can doubt that an outbreak this summer or fall of the oft-threatened war in Europe would affect us tenfold more injuriously than it did two years ago? May be, much of the indifference is due to the vague hope that good luck will carry us through this winter without disaster, and to the unquestioning faith in the honesty, purity, and ability of the administration which General Grant is to give to the nation after March next. May he prove worthy of so much trust!

#### WHAT THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY WANTS.

ARE there any good reasons why the Democratic party should now receive the approval of the people of the United States, and why the management of public affairs should now be committed to its charge? In answer to this question we state two propositions, which we think can be clearly established by a reference to the political history of the country.

All of the principles and measures which the Democratic party held and maintained during its period of growth, strength, and activity have either been abandoned by it, or have been finally and for ever rejected by the people; secondly, all of the principles and measures which it now holds and advocates are either in direct antagonism to those which it formerly maintained, or are in equally direct antagonism to the will of the people most solemnly expressed by a life-and-death struggle for national existence.

During the period prior to the adoption of the present Constitution, two ideas were contending for the mastery—national power and local liberty. The Articles of Confederation represented the latter idea, the Constitution the former. Still, the Constitution was so much a work of compromise that it endeavored to strike the golden mean between two equally impracticable extremes, by giving absolute supremacy to the General Government in those matters which are peculiarly national, and by leaving the States with the control of those matters which are local and private. But the balance was very nicely adjusted, and the old struggle has been continued, and perhaps will be continued indefinitely.

Those who originally opposed the Constitution naturally became grouped into a party which upheld the local supremacy of the States. To these were added some men, like Madison, who had taken a very active part in forming the organized law. This party represented and upheld the idea of personal, local political liberty. We cannot doubt that the Federalists were as patriotic, as honorable, and as devoted as their opponents; but they rather wished to govern for the people

than by the people. It is a mistake to suppose that slavery entered very largely into the contest which preceded the adoption of the Constitution. The opposition to that instrument was most powerful in Massachusetts, and only failed of success in New York, notwithstanding the labors of Hamilton and Jay, by a distinct understanding that a number of amendments protecting individual and political liberty should be immediately adopted; while in South Carolina the proposed scheme of government was accepted by an overwhelming majority. To this idea of local and personal liberty was soon added that of the extension of political rights, and particularly the right of suffrage. The party which maintained these principles was sure of success, and success soon followed. Everywhere aggressive, everywhere proclaiming the rights of man, and sympathizing with the peoples of Europe who were struggling with old dynasties, this party won an easy victory, and long held the results of its triumph.

But from the very beginning of the present government many leaders of this party had not only insisted with emphasis upon the rights reserved to the States by the terms of the Constitution, but had maintained that the States not only originally were, but still continue to be, sovereign; not only originally were, but still continue to be, the parties to a voluntary compact—a compact binding upon them only during the continuance of their tacit consent. This doctrine, simply because it was more logical than any other which desired the supremacy of the nation, and because it could not be successfully answered in any other way than by maintaining the absolute sovereignty of the one people of the United States, rapidly gained ground. Jefferson was its first prominent apostle: Calhoun wrought it out with irresistible logical deductions from his premises, and linked it with the cause of slavery. This theory produced one necessary effect, that of denying to the General Government the authority to decide upon its own powers. It is true that this denial was by many limited to the Supreme Court. Jefferson, the champion of absolute State sovereignty, and Jackson, the champion of a modified State sovereignty, were ready enough to uphold the power of the President while they held that high office; but they denied, with equal alacrity and emphasis, the capacity of the Supreme Court to settle any questions of constitutional construction, and to pronounce upon the powers of co-ordinate departments of the Government. It was Jackson who made the brutal remark upon C. J. Marshall's righteous decision in the Cherokee case, which the *Tribune* is so fond of quoting. We think there was a general consistency in these doctrines and principles. Between the absolute State sovereignty of Jefferson and Calhoun, and the modified State sovereignty of Madison and Jackson, the line of separation was shadowy and indistinct, and was fast disappearing. It did finally disappear within our own immediate times, and the Democratic party has become united upon the theory of Calhoun.

Compare this retrospect with the present position of political affairs. If there is one question which the people of the United States have finally settled, it is the absolute nationality and oneness of themselves, separate and distinct from any State boundaries and State organizations. If there is one claim which they have denied and for ever rejected, it is that of any independent State sovereignty. Millions of dollars, burdens voluntarily assumed for generations, thousands of lives willingly given up, attest this fact. We fought for our nationality, not for an assemblage of sovereign States. What does the Democratic party offer us as the result of the war and of the victory? It proposes the doctrine of absolute State sovereignty in its most offensive form. It asserts the complete right of the insurgent States to resume their former position with no loss of political power or capacity; it requires no conditions from the rebellious commonwealth; it denies the authority of the Congress to legislate upon the subject. Disguise it as we may, cover it up with an assumed love for the Union, this is the assertion of absolute State sovereignty, and a virtual abdication of national authority. It offers a premium to organized rebellion. Should these views be adopted, we believe that it would have been better had the Southern States succeeded in their war upon the nation. For the precedent thus established would virtually say to every State: "There is no risk in rebellion; resist at your pleasure; if you succeed, you will have obtained the object of your desires; if you fail, you will have

lost no political attribute; therefore, rebel, and rebel as occasion shall permit." This is what the Democratic party now virtually says: the Western Democrats are not more reticent in the expression of their opinion than those of South Carolina or of Mississippi. Can the people of the United States adopt these views? We believe that the Republican party, as represented by its legislators, has done many unwise, and some invalid acts; but we more firmly believe that if the positions of the Democratic party be adopted, the war for nationality will have been turned into a farce.

The other principle which the Democratic party now maintains, is, that this is a "white man's government," and therefore that the electoral franchise should under no circumstances be given to the negro. We would not mistake the position. If we could see any signs of a desire to establish a qualification of intelligence or moral worth, we might be satisfied. But there is no such sign. The party has placed itself boldly upon the position of denying to the negro citizen any part whatever in the management of public affairs. The "visible admixture" law of Ohio, passed during the present session of the State Legislature, illustrates this tendency. We need not argue that all this is in direct antagonism with the living principles which the Democratic party once promulgated with an enthusiasm which made success certain. We do not now stop to discuss the correctness of the opposing theory in relation to the electoral franchise; it may be a manhood right; it may be a trust wielded for the benefit of the whole mass of people. We only say that the Democratic party originally attained its ascendancy by advocating the former theory, and that now it has no argument whatever to support its restriction of the theory to white men. It appeals only to prejudice, and upon the prejudices of the "baser sort" it hopes to ride into power. But we will for a moment recall our statement. One gentleman of prominence among the New York Democrats has thought it important to suggest a scientific basis for the rejection of negro voters. He has with much show of learning stated that the family is the unit of society, and therefore that the family should be the source of political power. We can understand this. The notion is, in fact, somewhat old; it carries us back to Abraham and the other tribal sheiks among the Western Asiatics, and to the paterfamilias of the early Roman republic. But still the notion has a certain logical consistency. The head of the family may be in some sense looked upon as the representative of his descendants and dependents, and as, therefore, the depository of all political power belonging to that aggregate of individuals. We can understand this conception of a social organization, but can hardly reconcile it with our modern notions of a republican government. But we have misunderstood the scientific Democrat. He gives a different term to the idea of the family. The family is the social and political unit, and therefore no persons who cannot become members of the family are clothed with any political rights. Negroes cannot become members of a white family, and therefore should not be permitted to vote. That is to say, all families must be white; all Asiatic and African connections are mere concubinage. We are afraid that, if the learned and scientific members of the Manhattan Club should carry out their theory to its easy results, they would disfranchise the Sixth Ward and many other strongholds of Democracy.

We have thus seen that of the two grand principles now set forth by the Democratic Party, one has received the unmistakable condemnation of the people, and the other is in direct hostility to its earlier and better doctrines.

Our time and space will not permit us to enlarge upon some of the practical measures of policy which were once the points of contest between the Democratic party and the Whigs. Do we expect now any clear utterance from the approaching Convention upon the subjects of internal improvements, United States banks, protective tariff, metallic currency? The people have settled the question of those improvements which aid the foreign and the inter-State commerce. Will the Democratic party raise its voice against the Pacific Railway? The National Bank system has not only taken the place of the old United States Bank against which Jackson and Benton fought with such untiring zeal, but has swallowed up the State institutions. Will the Democratic party decree its overthrow? A paper currency has driven all gold and silver out of circulation. Will the Democratic



party repeat its old hard-money doctrines? It appears as though they hoped to obtain power upon the extreme opposite measure.

### GRANT AND CHASE.

A CORRESPONDENT on another page accuses us of deviating from the principle which we have so freely advocated in the selection of public servants, by our expression of preference for Grant over Chase as a candidate for the Presidency. There is no doubt whatever that if the Presidency was to be the prize of a competitive examination, and was to be awarded to the best answerer of questions in logic, jurisprudence, political economy, common and statute law, taxation and revenue, General Grant's chance against Chief-Justice Chase would be very small. Those branches of knowledge with which the Chief-Justice's career as a lawyer and politician has naturally made him familiar, are those on which, if the Presidency were the reward of intellectual proficiency, candidates would naturally be examined. In other words, a lawyer and politician is, in the ordinary course of his life, in a certain sense, qualifying for the Presidency in so far as knowledge and experience qualify a man for it, and this cannot be said of a mere soldier. There is evidently in the minds of many people, and of our correspondent amongst the number, a feeling that when we have admitted this, we have admitted all that the Chief-Justice needs to have admitted to make plain his superiority to Grant. If we can place confidence in the reports of his opinions made by newspaper correspondents—and he has of late been so very outspoken, and the correspondents have on this point so generally agreed, that we feel warranted in believing them—he himself rests his claims largely on his intellectual acquirements and his experience of public affairs—matters in which Grant cannot compare with him, and in which anything like a competitive examination would make his superiority more evident still.

We of course speak of competitive examinations in connection with the Presidency merely by way of illustration. No one has ever seriously contemplated any such mode of selecting candidates for that office, because, in the first place, nobody aspires to it before he has reached the latter half of an active and conspicuous life, in which all his powers have been tried in the presence of the public by tests far more varied and searching than any examination could supply; and, in the second place, because—and this is the important point—moral qualities count for vastly more in fitting a man for such position than intellectual acquirements, and the existence or nature of these qualities in any particular case can only be got at by observation of a man's whole career. By moral qualities we do not mean what are ordinarily called "the moral sentiments"—a man's benevolence, a love of justice or of truth. We mean courage, persistence, perception, tact, knowledge of human nature, the faculty of superintendence; that whole assemblage of qualities, in short, which has in so many cases made great rulers and statesmen of men whose knowledge or experience was, in the strict sense of the words, comparatively small. Now, you cannot find out by any self-examination or particular intellectual feat—be it speech, book, bill, sermon, or report—whether a man has these qualities or not. There is no plummet by which you can sound the portion of his nature in which they lie. You have, in the case of obscure persons, to take on these points the testimony of those who have known them long. You have, in the case of well-known aspirants to high official positions, to take the judgment of the community at large, based on observation of their conduct under varied and trying circumstances. This may not be a perfect test, but it is the best possible. So that even if it were not the settled custom of the country for the higher officers of the government to be chosen by the popular vote, we should advocate it as the most effective mode of selection. In other words, a man's fitness for the Presidency is rather a question of character than of acquirements. Of the character of a public man, the public, and the public only, can be judge.

If we apply this rule to the two candidates most talked of—we will not say before the country, for the Chief-Justice has not yet been nominated, and we cannot yet believe that he will be—there is little in our humble opinion to be said for the Chief-Justice, and a great deal to be said for Grant; and in order to show that what we say now with regard to their respective merits is not said perfunctorily as part of the

regular campaign work of a Republican paper, we shall take the liberty of referring such of our readers as think it worth their while to keep back numbers of the *Nation* to an article on General Grant appearing Dec. 9, and to two others, making a somewhat elaborate comparison between the two men, appearing Jan. 16. On both of these occasions we pointed out not only what we conceived to be Grant's fitness for the Presidency, and his great moral superiority to the Chief-Justice, but what we conceived to be the Chief-Justice's want of fitness for the Presidency, even supposing there was nobody else in the field. We may mention, too, not for the purpose of taking away from the effect of what any other journal is now saying in support of Grant, but for the purpose of vindicating our own right to refrain from bellowing and ranting at periods when others of the brethren are pleased to consider bellowing and ranting the only trustworthy indication of "soundness," that many of those journals which are now loudest in support of Grant were then foremost in decrying him, and were praying for the election of Chase as the one thing needed to restore peace and prosperity. Moreover, we took the liberty on that same occasion to commend in as strong terms as we had at our disposal that habit of reserve for which Grant is famous, although at that time many of the people were treating it as an indication either of stupidity or knavery. We now read with some bewilderment, therefore, but nevertheless with great satisfaction, glowing eulogies in the same columns on the golden gift of silence, the blessed art of holding one's tongue.

There was no reason at that time for thinking ill of Chase and well of Grant which does not now exist. We condemned the Chief-Justice for seeking the Republican nomination; we condemn still more strongly his seeking the Democratic nomination, and we considered his seeking the one, proof that he was capable of seeking the other. We confess we do not well see how any person who has carefully considered the duties and obligations of his judicial position can, after witnessing his political labors in 1866-67 in the Republican ranks, feel either shocked or surprised at his coquetting with the Democrats in 1868. His fall consisted in his coming down into the political arena at all. Once there his choice lies between tweedledum and tweedledee. He may be as learned, as honest, as upright, and as patriotic as you please; he has nevertheless committed the unpardonable sin. We are told that he is opposed to the attacks of the Radicals on the Supreme Court, and is in favor of judicial independence. We tell him, not as our opinion only, but as that of every man who knows what place the judiciary of a free state ought to hold, that he is the worst enemy the Supreme Court has ever had. By showing that a man as able, as learned as he, possessing as many claims to public confidence as he possesses, can, without shame or scruple, use the highest judicial position in the country as a stepping-stone to the Presidency, and can divide his time between hearing appeals on the loftiest of benches and discussing his own "chances" and "principles" with wire-pullers and newspaper correspondents, he has not only created the greatest scandal of the day, but given the Boutwells and the Stevenses all the excuse they need desire for wresting from the Court the last shreds of dignity or authority.

We know that the only inducement the Democrats have for even thinking of him as a candidate is the expectation that his name, linked with such a platform as he would be willing to stand on, would draw off a considerable number from the Republican ranks. We know, too, that this expectation is not altogether unfounded, and that in the Eastern States, at least, the exploits of the impeachers and the judicial disquisitions of the New York *Tribune* have prepared more Republicans for desertion, in case a reasonable excuse should offer itself, than many of the "earnest men" of the party imagine. But any Republican who allows his disgust with anything that has yet occurred in the party ranks to drive him into voting for Chase must certainly have singular notions of reform. Anybody who admires the declamation of a judge on the stump against trial by military commissions or in favor of "equal rights for all"—the great defence against both military commissions and all infringements of equal rights being pure, independent, and unsuspected civil courts—must have a singularly constituted mind. Grant is also abandoning a high and independent position, but not so much for the pursuit of political honors as for the acceptance of them from men who firmly believe his acceptance of them necessary for the

good of the country. This at the very least must be said; whatever harm he does by it, he does to himself. He looses no bond and shakes no faith by which society is held together; he has incurred no obligation, as Mr. Chase has, to leave hope and fear behind him and make himself no man's suitor or debtor, and to act in the midst of change as the representative of the one thing which knows no change.

### OFFICIAL SALARIES.

THE attempt to increase the pay of the Government clerks in Washington which was made and failed last week was so clearly one of those little spurts into which the lower House occasionally breaks without either rhyme or reason, information or deliberation, when the impertinence of the lobby becomes greater than some active members can bear, that it does not of itself call for much attention. But the comments of the press upon it and the arguments generally used against it suggest strongly that the public has not given the matter enough attention to enable it to say positively what the duty of Congress is. We have not seen it anywhere denied that the clerks are poorly paid, that they get less than is needed to enable men and women in their position to live with decency and with reasonable freedom from what may be called the animal cares of life. The newspapers have, as far as our observation has gone, disposed of their claims by asserting that they cannot be underpaid because thousands stand ready to take their places whenever they choose to vacate them. This is no doubt true, but if it proves anything it proves too much. It is just as good an argument for reducing their salaries as for not increasing them. If twenty per cent. were taken off the salaries instead of being added to them, there would be as many people ready to take the places as there are now, but this does not show that the clerks are now overpaid. There is hardly any office of which the emoluments are so small that nobody whatever is willing to fill it, if nothing but willingness is exacted of him as a qualification. The market price of labor is no doubt the price at which people can be got to perform it, but this is only true of cases in which the kind and quantity of labor are strictly defined. If an employer does not care what sort of men he employs, how many hours they work, or how their work is done, he will find no difficulty in securing men at almost any rate; but then to call his maximum the market rate would be absurd.

The United States is practically, as far as the Civil Service is concerned, an employer of this kind. It takes any kind of laborer and lets him work pretty much as he pleases, and can, of course, therefore always say in reply to his complaints of insufficient payment, Your discontent is unreasonable, because we can readily fill your place for the same wages. But supposing the true rule to be adopted, that the government work needs to be performed with a certain degree of efficiency, by men of a certain character and of a certain degree of capacity, and that none others will be received, it will be found that its officials are both in Washington and elsewhere greatly and disgracefully underpaid, and that to expect honesty or efficiency in return for the present salaries is preposterous.

A comparison in mere figures of the salaries paid by the United States with those paid by foreign powers would not settle the question. Living is a great deal dearer here than it is in any foreign country; it is a great deal dearer now than it was when the salaries were fixed. In other words, they have been reduced within the last seven years from thirty to forty per cent., and seven years ago they were insufficient. The servants of foreign governments are only part paid in money. They receive very large remuneration over and above their salaries in *honor*, in *security*, and in *hope*. Their office adds to the consideration in which they are held by society—or, in other words, gratifies one of the most constant, most powerful, and most respectable feelings of the human heart, a feeling which, as Mr. Jencks ably showed in his speech, in May, on reform in the civil service, might be made greatly instrumental in promoting purity in our service, but which we allow to run wholly to waste. In this country a man loses rather than gains in popular estimation by accepting any but the highest positions under government. Moreover, the salaries paid by foreign governments—we are speaking, of course, of the more highly civilized nations—are in the nature of a life annuity. They give a man

almost complete security as to his future and that of his family as long as he lives and behaves well. That is, they do not destroy all the risks to which a man dependent on his own exertions is exposed, but they greatly diminish their number by making the continuance of his income depend simply on his health and good conduct. There is nobody who has had the slightest experience of a life of toil who does not know what a boon this security would be to a vast number of persons of unsurpassed fidelity, honesty, industry, and punctuality, who are unfitted by temperament or intellect to take the risks of the great battle of commerce or the professions. Foreign governments by offering them security procure their services; they avoid ours except as a last resource. Finally, foreign governments, by means of promotion and superannuation pensions, pay their servants largely in hope. They not only supply them with a constant incentive to good behavior by offering a fair prospect of rising, but they supply them with a source of solid, daily comfort. They make their lives brighter and more cheerful, in doing away with the necessity under which all men, really fit to do honest service for anybody, feel of saving for the helpless period of old age.

It is, of course, difficult to estimate the value of these three things in dollars and cents. To different men they have different degrees of value; but, taking the average man, and considering what are the objects for which he toils, it is, we think, no exaggeration to set them down as equivalent to an addition of fifty per cent. to his yearly income. In the great army of "carpet-baggers," who are one year found editing a newspaper in Nebraska, the next keeping a grocery in Michigan, the next peddling patent double action toothpicks in New York, and perhaps the next defending "the rights of man" on the stump in Georgia or Mississippi, whose home is on the railroad car, and whose furniture consists of a shawl, these things have few attractions. These gentlemen like to get their pay in money, and the government service is unfortunately largely recruited from them. But the best portion of this, as of every other, community is composed of men for whom a fixed residence, a comfortable fireside, and a tranquil old age are ends to which money is but the means, and it is from this class we should draw our public servants.

It is quite true that efficiency does not increase in the ratio of salary. In fact, one tendency of a fixed salary is to beget sloth, and there are few things more demoralizing than over-payment for any kind of work. The soporific influence of salaries ought to be combated not only by the fear of dismissal, which in practice must always have little influence, but by the prospect of promotion. Without this every service must be pervaded by indifference and languor, unless, indeed, activity is kept up by the chance of committing frauds. But it is as certain as anything of the kind can be that underpayment is the most powerful of known stimuli to peculation. There is hardly any man, no matter how strong his principles may be, who can resist its influence. M. de Launay, who was former-general of the Prussian revenues under Frederick II., found the salaries of the custom-house officers too small for their support, and begged the king to raise them as the only means of putting a stop to fraud. The king refused at first, said his subjects were all rogues, and alleged, as many of the newspapers do now with regard to our officials, that if his officers were paid better the revenues would be diminished, but they would not rob any the less. To which De Launay replied by an argument which was a valuable contribution to political science, but which, simple as it is when stated, few governments have acted on, and ours less than most others, in their management of their officers. "There is, sire," said he, "a most important maxim, which in matters of government is too frequently neglected. It is that *men in general desire to be honest*; but it is always necessary to leave them the ability of being so." The king gave way; the salaries of the officers were increased by one-half; and the result was that the revenue was increased by one-third without any new taxes.

We underpay nearly everybody in the public service; and, in fact, nearly everybody in the country, the returns of whose labor are not capable of estimation in figures, is underpaid. The managers of commercial enterprises usually conduct them in the light of experience and on principles of human nature, and therefore pay whatever is neces-



sary to secure good honest service, and consider no salary extravagant which does this, and lawyers are generally pretty well paid, because everybody knows what the amount is which he hopes to gain and fears to lose when he employs them. But the judges, teachers, professors, ministers, and government clerks are paid at rates which, considering the interest of money and the real wealth of the country, are absurdly low. In estimating the wants of these classes, Cincinnati or the Apostle Peter, or some other extraordinary person, seems to be often selected as the standard, and the common nineteenth-century "provider" is expected to display, as a matter of course, for twelve or fifteen hundred a year, virtues so rare that they have secured deathless fame for a few sages and heroes of antiquity.

One great reason, in our opinion, why the rewards of the higher kinds of labor are so low amongst us, is that the sentiment which decides what a man's wants ought to be is largely, more largely than in any other country, that of farmers. In every other civilized nation the city population rules the country population, and regulates everything connected with the public service. It decides what the wants of a public functionary ought to be, what his dignity or their tastes or their feelings require, and how far they should be consulted in fixing the amount of his salary. Here the agricultural classes may, for the first time in history, be said to control completely the government, not in general only, but in details. Now, a farmer's notions of the real wants of a family differ considerably from those of a city man; his notions of the value of ready money differ more widely still. He handles comparatively little ready money, or if he does, spends but little of it himself on the supply of his personal wants in the course of the year. He has no sympathy with the city man's love of society, his temptations in the way of books and amusements, his particularity about his dress and his furniture. Of that prodigious nervous activity and sensitiveness which the urban life of modern times has developed, and which seems every year to increase, he knows nothing, and will make no allowance for it; and the consequence is that, as our functionaries have to live mostly in cities, they are exposed to extraordinary trials, while their stock of virtue, owing to our mode of selecting them, is not sufficient even for ordinary ones.

## ENGLAND.

LONDON, June 5, 1868.

FOR the last few days there has been a lull in political matters. After a sharpish tussle, Mr. Disraeli succeeded in getting his own way with the Scotch Reform bill, aided by the general desire to see business wound up, and by the comparative smallness of the issues at stake. A little more work still remains to be done in Parliament, in which no hitch is likely to occur, and we shall then have an appeal, either in the autumn or winter, to the new constituencies. The "leap in the dark" will be taken, and we shall learn what are the proclivities of an English democracy. Meanwhile a little wrangling goes on, chiefly with a view to electioneering. The Liberal party are rather nervous as to the possible effects of a "No Popery" cry, and are doing their best to fix upon Mr. Disraeli and his subordinates the blame of having proposed to endow the Roman Catholic priesthood. There can be no doubt that the Ministry, in fact, coquetted with the Roman Catholic party, and tried to hold out to them some hopes, but of a studiously vague nature. The Irish Secretary, Lord Mayo, compromised himself by a statement that the government policy was to be one of "levelling upwards;" that is to say, of raising the Roman Catholic clergy instead of disendowing the Protestant Church. Mr. Disraeli does his best to wriggle out of this, and to demonstrate that it meant nothing more than some vague proposal about workhouse chaplains. No one can presume to say what it did mean, except that it meant in some way a bid for support from the Roman Catholics. But whether the odium thus thrown upon the government will counterbalance the odium accruing to the opposition for their liberal policy, is a difficult problem. We shall see before long, and that is all that is to be said at present.

Meanwhile Parliament has been enjoying the short foretaste of bliss known as the Whitsuntide recess, and, favored by lovely summer weather, the short holidays have passed pleasantly to most persons. The Derby has been won and lost amidst more than usual excitement. The special excitement on the present occasion was produced by the Marquis of Hastings. This nobleman, though still young, has managed to spend a large fortune upon the turf. He has brought matters to such a pass that he was unable

to pay his bets. The British public always sympathizes with a young nobleman in such a position, and was particularly excited by the fact that he owned the favorite for the Derby, and would win, in the event of success, enough money to set him upon his legs again, something, it was said, between one and two hundred thousand pounds. Unluckily, his horse turned out to be a thorough impostor, and instead of winning was last but two. The marquis is, therefore, worse off than before, and adds one more to the many victims of our glorious national sport. The sums of money at stake are so large, and have of late years increased so enormously, that the temptation to all the disreputable practices which accompany gambling is overwhelming for many young men with more money than brains. It is not surprising to hear on all hands complaints of the decay of the turf in all the qualities by which its faults were formerly redeemed. But it passes the skill of reformers to suggest any effectual remedy so long as such vast amounts are daily won and lost. The breed of horses is being damaged by the practice of running them off their legs as two-year-olds; gambling is stimulated, young men are ruined, and the whole business becomes so dirty that few people can touch it without being defiled. Whether any reformation can be effected is doubtful; but if not, we must expect to see the sport gradually lose ground in public estimation till it follows the downward path of prize-fighting and other amusements of our ancestors.

I indulged lately in a holiday of a different kind, which I think might be recommended to any one who desires to see some of the outward and visible signs of the strength of English conservatism. I refer to a trip down the Thames from Oxford to Eton. The Thames, as you are aware, is not quite so big as the Mississippi, nor even as the Rhine; but it has the merit that in a few miles it gives the very essence of English scenery. The whole landscape is on a miniature scale, with miniature hills and meadows and woods; but they have that grace which is almost peculiar to England—the grace of elaborate finish such as that of a well-kept garden. Every inch shows the expenditure of centuries of civilized labor, and is significant of wealthy comfort. Old manor-houses—some of them enclosing the remnants of extinct abbeys—picturesque churches, new villas, and stately mansions abound; trim lawns, rich in flowers, as smooth and carefully swept as drawing-room carpets, slope to the water's edge; the river encloses sleepy and well-ordered parks, or reflects the shadows of woods full of aged forest trees; even the cottages of old stained brick, and frequently covered with flowers, are at least picturesque outside. In short, it realizes the picture of an English home in Tennyson's "Palace of Art"—

"Softer than sleep, all things in order stood,  
A haunt of ancient peace."

And at the two termini of the voyage, some seventy miles by water, are the venerable college buildings of Oxford and the "distant spires and ancient towers" of Eton, with the grand old walls of Windsor Castle looking down upon them. A boy brought up under the shadow of Windsor, in the pleasures of our greatest public school, sent afterwards to Oxford, where every street-corner is historical, and with a chance of settling down in some grand mansion on the banks of the Thames, must, one would think, be a thorough Conservative. Everything is so toned by time, so harmonious, and possibly so enervating, that change seems harsh and wanton. And yet symptoms of change may be observed. At Oxford, indeed, two of our best-known preachers were thundering from the University pulpit. The Bishop of Oxford was eloquent in his usual unctuous style, which to me, I confess, is simply repulsive; he is one of the very cleverest men in England; he is, it is said, an active and useful bishop; and he is an acknowledged leader of the High Church party; unluckily, no one outside his own party puts any faith in "Soapy Sam," to use his vulgar nickname. His ruling passion seems to be a love of applause; and he will indulge in the silliest of claptrap and the most fulsome of rhetoric to obtain it. He made himself ridiculous some years ago by denouncing Darwin after a fashion which simply showed his utter scientific ignorance, and he is always ready to put himself forward to talk any amount of reckless nonsense about any matter that in any way concerns the Church, with a special turn for appealing to ignorant popular prejudices. It is no wonder that he has a reputation for insincerity, and that in spite of his great talents, especially as an orator, he has little weight with the secular world. Mr. Liddon, the other preacher, is a man of rising reputation amongst the High-Churchmen. In appearance he is of the type of the foreign ecclesiastic, with a dark, aquiline, ascetic face. His eloquence is carefully modelled on that of French preachers; and though his manner is rather artificial, it is earnest and impressive. He has a great flow of language, and uses it to support the highest sacramental doctrines. Indeed, he is probably one of the most powerful of living English orators in the pulpit.

Such preachers might be said to represent, not inadequately, the mediæval tendencies of the old University. But, even in Oxford, they are a minority. There had been a meeting of Liberals the day before, intended to smooth the way for very radical changes. Oxford men at large, perhaps half of them being clergymen, are strongly conservative; but the teaching body, including the pick of the intellectual lights of the place, are in great part bitterly radical. The thunders of Dr. Pusey or Mr. Liddon or the Bishop of Oxford may affect a part of the students, and may rally the zealous country clergy; but the Liberal party is growing in spite of such denunciations, and, with the help of a new Parliament, will doubtless carry out many changes. Dissenters will soon be admitted, in spite of all opposition; and in time, it is to be hoped, the whole university system will be modernized without being vulgarized. The only danger is that the resistance may delay reform till revolution becomes inevitable, and then much that is desirable might be swept away. At Eton the same conflict is approaching. The walls were inscribed in many places with "No Reform," showing the conservative sympathies of the boys. Boys, indeed, are always Tories, at least in an English public school. They have the most stubborn affection for the old order of things, right or wrong. The reason, however, for the present manifestation is probably simple—namely, the simple boyish dislike to learning anything. Eton is in a certain way an excellent school. What it teaches it teaches well, especially to the best boys. But there is still a great mass of idleness to be encountered. One master spends a large part of his time in teaching the boys to row; and another is equally energetic in teaching them to play cricket; and though it may be very well that masters should take an interest in the sports, it is not so well that the sports should be encouraged at the expense of the studies. Under the present system, eminence in cricket and rowing is not merely estimated by the boys as at least equal to eminence in the school studies, but a great deal has been done by the masters to foster that singular conception of the functions of a school. Meanwhile, a new head-master of very high reputation has been lately appointed; most of his subordinates, who are drawn from distinguished students at the universities, are in favor of reform; and with the assistance of Parliament—for Parliament has to be invoked in every business, however small or great—there is a prospect of speedy improvement. For the present, old traditions flourish, and to one who passes through Eton and looks at the vigorous, hearty lads on the river and in the playing-fields, amongst the picturesque buildings, and who sympathizes a little with their keen *esprit de corps*, it is difficult not to wish that reform may touch them gently. Most of the old brutality practised at such schools has disappeared, and if the boys only learned a little, there would not be much to complain of. Such are one or two of the symptoms of the times to be discovered during a trip down our ancient river, if Americans will allow me to apply that name to "Father Thames." Lower down he becomes a very dirty old gentleman, though cleaner than two or three years ago, when the London sewerage made him absolutely pestilential. But in his upper course he not only possesses very high beauties of the peaceful and domestic order, but may suggest many hints to the observer of men and manners.

As I have gone aside from politics, I may mention one or two literary matters. Two or three books which have just appeared will be worth attention. We have a poem by G. Elliot called "The Spanish Gypsy." No verdict has yet been passed upon it by qualified critics, though her reputation naturally excites much interest. I think I may say that those who think "Romola" a step in advance of "Adam Bede" and the "Mill on the Floss" (amongst whom I do not reckon myself) will probably admire it. Others will think it rather a proof of cultivated ability than of pure poetical genius. A very remarkable poem called the "Earthly Paradise" has lately been published by Mr. Morris, the author of "Jason." I have not yet studied it, but it has already a great reputation. Mr. Morris is a young Oxford man who has taken to business, and sells paper and furniture of artistic designs; it seems that his occupation leaves him time for acquiring literary distinction as well. The new volume of poems by Mr. Lytton has also been much praised in the *Times* and elsewhere; but the general verdict is that it is at best only clever, and that he must be put in the rank of secondary and imitative poets. Another book to which we are looking forward with much interest is the continuation of Mr. Kinglake's "Crimean War." The subject is a little stale; but Mr. Kinglake's style is enough to recommend it independently of the subject. There was a rumor, too, that it had been suppressed in consequence of indiscreet revelations, which will tend to attract attention to it. If Mr. Kinglake is rather partial, at least he is admirably painstaking.

Gov. Eyre, as I anticipated, has escaped. The general feeling, on which I have not space to comment, is undoubtedly that his prosecution was

becoming a persecution; and the memory of his services has eclipsed in popular estimation the recollection of his severities. The attack upon him will probably injure the popularity of Mr. Mill and Mr. Charles Buxton, until it too is forgotten.

## Correspondence.

### CHASE AND GRANT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

DEAR SIR: I have read the *Nation* for the last ten months and have derived more instruction from it than from any other political paper. You are the only journalist of either party who criticises the misdeeds and false reasonings of your own. You have clearly stated the mission of the Republican party, and have faithfully warned its members when they have deviated from its principles. You carry conscience into politics and are a better moral teacher than most of the religious papers. By your sure, clear statements of the wisdom of meeting our obligations for paying the war debt with honesty, you have convinced all your attentive readers that it is the best policy. It is a pity they needed to be convinced—but they did. You have shown up the sophistries of Butler in his dishonorable propositions, and you have convicted Senator Sherman of his weakness. You are foremost in the advocacy of common sense and honesty in the management of the affairs of the state.

By your advocacy of Mr. Jenckes's Civil Service Bill you have awakened public attention to the subject. I esteem your paper so highly that, after a careful reading of each number, I mail it to an intelligent friend in Mississippi who is not able to subscribe for it. It cannot be disagreeable to you to learn that your labors are appreciated by one of your subscribers.

I see that in your liberality you publish letters arraigning many of your positions, with freedom; but with great respect for you, I now arraign you of inconsistency in not applying the principles of the Civil Service Bill, which you so much commend, to the case of the highest officer of the Government. Could General Grant stand the test of an examination such as that bill requires for the highest officers? It is only very lately that you have advocated him as the fit standard-bearer of the party. Have you not yielded principle to expediency? Can it be that you believe he is the only man of the Republican party who can be elected President, and he not on account of any political principles or opinions he has expressed, nor for his experience, culture, and fitness, but because the party in Congress have committed so many blunders, mistakes, extravagances, and perversions of principle that only the successful leader of our armies can be elected? If you have sacrificed your own teachings and convictions for this expediency, you are not equal to Henry Clay when he said, "He would rather be right than be President."

You are the boldest teacher of reforms in the Republican party. You are read by the thinkers of our country. You have lately taught, in an effective article, that "mind rules;" you should not give to party what was meant for mankind, your superior knowledge and your love of truth.

You have made latterly various efforts to damage the elevated standing of Chief-Justice Chase. You have praised him for his conduct in the impeachment trial; but you seem to see an unfitness in the Chief-Justice being elevated to the Presidency. Apply the principles which you advocate in the Civil Service Bill to his case—where will you find a riper statesman, a purer patriot, a more consistent advocate of human rights? It strikes me as strangely as it does you that possibly he may get the Democratic nomination; but would not his nomination and election work a revolution in the party? and might it not, regenerated and reformed, prove a superior public guardian to the party now in power? I have known Mr. Chase for forty years, and know him to be a persistent advocate of what he deems right.

June 16, 1868.

[The above was not written with a view to publication; in fact, it was accompanied by a request that it might not be published. But in suppressing the signature, which is that of a Western general of volunteers, we have reduced it simply to an expression of opinion which we know many good Republicans hold, and on which we are glad to have an opportunity of saying something.—ED. NATION.]



## Notes.

## LITERARY.

By special arrangement with the author, Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt will be the American publishers of the "Annals of Rural Bengal" of W. W. Hunter, a gentleman whose work is praised as giving a better view of the relations subsisting between the British in India and the people they rule than half a dozen of the so-called "authorities" on Indian history.—Hurd & Houghton announce: "The Jesus of the Evangelist; his Historical Character Vindicated," etc., by Rev. C. A. Row, of Pembroke College, Oxford; "The Primitive Eirenicon: one Evangelical Ministry," by Rev. M. Gallagher.—J. B. Ford & Co., of Nassau Street, are about to publish, by subscription, Horace Greeley's "Recollections of a Busy Life." The book is made up of Mr. Greeley's recent contributions to the *Ledger*; but they are revised and enlarged, and make a good autobiography.—T. B. Peterson & Co. announce the second and third volumes of a series of T. Adolphus Trollope's novels. They are "Marietta" and "Beppo, the Conscript," which succeed "Gemma," already published. The same house announces a "Campaign Life of General Grant and the Hon. Schuyler Colfax." It is a duodecimo of four hundred pages. Another campaign life of Colfax is that by the Rev. Mr. A. Y. Moore, "who was for twelve years, as pastor and friend, in the entire confidence of Mr. Colfax."

—We are pleased to be able to announce "The Pre-Columbian Discovery of America by the Northmen. Illustrated by translations from the Icelandic Sagas." The editor is the Rev. Mr. B. F. De Costa. The introduction will give the reader the substance of all that has been said about the supposed voyages of the Phœnicians, Tyrians, and others to this continent; the settlement of Iceland and colonization of Greenland will be described; and, finally, the editor will give some account of the Northmen, their literature, nautical knowledge, mythology, etc. The main body of the work will be translated extracts from the Sagas, and these, the editor says, will comprise the earliest fragments from the *Landnæma* (or Icelandic Doomsday Book) relating to Greenland; Eric the Red's voyages to Greenland and settlement, A.D. 983-5; Biørne Heriulfson's voyage to the coast of America, A.D. 986; Lelf Ericson's voyage to Vinland (New England), A.D. 1000-1; Thorwald Ericson's voyage to South Vinland, A.D. 1002; Thorstein Ericson's attempt to seek Vinland, A.D. 1005; Thorfinn Karlsefne's settlement in Vinland, A.D. 1006-7; Freydisa's voyage and settlement in Vinland, A.D. 1012-13; together with the minor narratives, as Are Marson's sojourn in Hvítmanna-Land, A.D. 983; voyage of Biørne Asbranson, A.D. 999; Gudlief Gudlaugson's voyage, A.D. 1027; Bishop Eric's voyage to Vinland, A.D. 1121; Newfoundland rediscovered, A.D. 1285; voyage to Markland (Nova Scotia), A.D. 1347, etc. Hitherto the English-reading portion of historical students in this country have been obliged to draw their information in regard to these voyages from garbled extracts; but the object of the present work is to give the Sagas that relate to America in their integrity. This work will be published by Mr. Joel Munsell, of Albany.

—It is of some interest to persons who watch the American book market to know that Messrs. Charles Scribner & Company's publication of Lange's Commentary is selling very well indeed for so large and learned a work. And it is selling not in this country only but abroad; Messrs. T. & T. Clarke, of Edinburgh—who themselves began to publish it, but by-and-by stopped—have just sent out an order for a thousand copies of the "Genesis." We failed, we think, to mention the "Theological and Philosophical Library," which Messrs. Scribner & Co. announced a week or two ago. They intend to issue a select library of text-books, in all the main departments of theology and philosophy, especially adapted for the libraries of ministers. The editors, Doctor Philip Schaff and Doctor Henry B. Smith, have not completed their scheme in all its details, but in general it may be said that they will publish, with notes by various writers, some of them American, standard works of foreign and native authors on the different topics included in the wide field which they propose to occupy. They say:

"The editors, reserving the right of making the best selections, do not commit themselves finally to special treatises on all the topics. Among the works which it is proposed to bring out first, are: Tischendorf's 'Greek New Testament,' the last edition, revised by the author, and edited by Dr. Schaff; an 'Introduction to the Old Testament,' on the basis of Kell, Bleek, Havernick, and others; an 'Introduction to the New Testament,' on the basis of Reuss, Bleek, Guericke, Hug, and others; 'Patrology,' on the basis of Alzog, Fessler, Möhler, etc., by Prof. R. D. Hitchcock; 'Hæse's Polemics,' edited by Prof. G. P. Fisher, Yale College; 'Symbolism,' on the

basis of Winer, Matthes, Hoffman, Köllner, etc.; an 'Encyclopædia of Theology,' by Prof. H. B. Smith; a collection of the 'Ancient Creeds and Definitions of Faith'; 'Manual of Theological Definitions'; 'Christian Ethics,' on the basis of Schmid, Harless, Wuttke, and others; Ueberweg's 'History of Philosophy,' three volumes, supplemented from Erdmann and other writers; Ulrici's 'God and Nature,' etc.

—In 1864, S. Low, Son & Marston published a book called "Haunted Hearts," by Miss M. S. Cummins, an American writer, well known as the author of the "Lamplighter," who is not long deceased. It had previously been arranged between the author and the publishers that the former should go to Canada and stay there during and until after the publication in England was complete. This she did, and we may add that since then many other American authors have done the same thing for the same purpose. On the 13th of June, Messrs. Sampson Low, Son & Marston found that George Routledge & Sons were selling another edition of "Haunted Hearts," and this house last-mentioned being called on for an explanation, replied that the book had been sent them by a New York correspondent; that Miss Cummins, its author, was an alien, a native of the United States, between which country and England no international copyright law exists. They declined, therefore, to stop their issue of the book, and the dispute was carried into the courts. Vice-Chancellor Kindersley granted Messrs. Low, Son & Marston an injunction. On appeal, the Lords Justices set aside the Vice-Chancellor's decision, and the final appeal was taken to the House of Lords. Before that tribunal the case has just been decided, and it is laid down as law that any American, without going to Canada or any part of the British possessions, may acquire copyright which shall be his property throughout the British Empire, by simply having his book first published on English soil. We can hardly refrain much longer from doing our duty in this matter.

—A Connecticut lady, accustomed to writing for the press, has invented three new styles of writing paper, of which one is designed for Author's Manuscript, one for Contributor's Manuscript, and one for Sermon Note Paper. The sheets of the first may be described as slips ten inches long by six inches wide, with two round holes at the top for the purpose of tying the sheets together in parts or chapters. One of the holes is to be used for the compositor's hook when he sets up the copy. The paper, which is of very good quality, is ruled on one side only, so that the author may not be led into writing on both sides of the sheet—an error which, as the country editors every little while tell their correspondents, yearly causes many hundreds of articles of the first excellence to be thrown remorselessly and instantaneously into the waste-paper basket of the sanctum. In fact, the inventor takes special pains to give instruction to authors on many points of their duty in the preparation of manuscript. The paper being put up in neat boxes, she has put inside, on the cover, fourteen rules or directions—as to capitalizing, numbering pages, paragraphing, etc.—which young writers will find of service. As for the old writers, most of them are hopeless, we fear. The second style of these papers, the Contributor's Manuscript, is an inch narrower than the Author's Manuscript, and the sheets have but one hole at the top. Some considerable space at the top is left unruled, so that the compositor's hook may not tear or deface the writing. The Sermon Note Paper has two holes at the side of the sheets, and an eyeleted cover accompanies each box. The cover and paper will lie open without rubbing down. We are told that the inventor conferred with many editors and publishers before settling on the size of the sheets, the width of the space between the ruled lines, and so on; and, so far as we can judge, she has had good advice, and done a service to the writing fraternity, to say nothing of proof-readers and printers. Writers get into fashions of their own, to be sure; manuscript making is a matter with which habit, founded perhaps on whim, may have much to do; for instance, there are people who can hardly judge of the value of what they have written unless it is set before their eyes in a microscopic-hand-like print; again, it was only in part due to avarice, we dare say, that Pope wrote on the backs of old letters; in part it was whim; there are writers fond of all sorts of odd old scraps for scribbling; then there is the man who likes a vast expanse of smooth, fine paper, and the man who wants strips about as wide as three telegraphic strips, and the man who must have buff paper, and so on. But the majority of paper consumers, we should say, will find these new styles very much to their taste.

—An article on Harvard College in the *Pall Mall Gazette* has been widely copied in this country. It is, in the main, favorable; and we wish that the sole uncomplimentary remark—that the "library is sadly deficient in the literature of the last ten years"—would attract general attention to the crying want of a permanent library fund. It is certainly surprising that the friends of Harvard should have left her so ill provided in this respect. One cause

we have been told, is that some of those who have the ability to give remember the library of their own college days, so hedged round with restrictions that it was of little use, and protest that they will not provide books to slumber untouched on the shelves. They have not heard of the more liberal management, under which it is open seven hours every week-day instead of the hour or two twice a week, which most college libraries consider sufficient. And they probably do not know how much researches are facilitated by the classed catalogue in course of preparation, which has been called, more epigrammatically than justly, "the best catalogue of the worst library in the country." A larger number of persons are deceived by the reputed richness of the library. "115,000 volumes" has an imposing sound. They do not reflect how large a portion of these volumes are out of date, which in science, at least, means "worthless," and in *belles-lettres* too often means "uninteresting." They see by the annual reports that the library is increasing at the rate of three thousand volumes a year, and suppose that it is doing as well as could be desired. But a very large part of this increase consists of donations, and a large portion of the donations are the clearings of closets and garrets, given because they are of no value to the owner. Even these it is well to have. They are better than nothing, and may possibly be at some time of use to some enquirer, but to those for whom the library is especially designed they are of no service whatever. And, moreover, even when desirable as filling up the gaps in the older literature, they leave the library still unsupplied with the books of the day, and unable to inform its *habitués* of the latest theories, the latest discoveries, the latest achievements. The library assumes the appearance of a second-hand bookstore, while professors have to spend a considerable portion of their salaries in purchasing the latest works in their respective departments, and students borrow of professors. Cambridge will never have a library worthy of the oldest college in America until she is furnished with means to procure, as they appear, the books which are attracting notice in the world of letters, those which are destined to become standard works, and those from which her students can learn what is going on around them. She cannot hope to train up her sons into accurate and scholarly investigators, when in almost every enquiry to which she directs their attention they are brought to a pause by the want of the best sources of information. Eight years ago she had a good foundation for a library—old and valuable books for which a new library would have to wait long and pay high—but that was all. In the works of the great thinkers and best scholars of the present day, works which are of the highest importance in the proper education of her pupils, she was miserably deficient. Every department of the university had profited more by the public liberality than that one which is a common help to them all. Then came Mr. William Gray's gift of \$5,000 a year for five years, with which the library supplied some of its wants, and for a time kept abreast with the advance of science. Mr. Gray could not have wished a better proof of the wisdom of this liberality than the greatly increased use of the library which immediately ensued. But the experience of those five years showed that \$5,000 is the very least sum that should be spent for books (exclusive of periodicals) where such varied demands are to be satisfied. And when the money was gone and no one emulated his generosity, the library began again to fall behindhand, and its momentary opulence only made its poverty seem greater. Were it not for the kindness of a few friends, especially of Ticknor & Fields, Gould & Lincoln, and W. V. Spencer, who give most of their publications, its state would be unendurable. After paying for "Memoirs and Transactions" of learned societies, and a list of periodicals from which they are obliged to omit the *Contemporary*, *Fortnightly*, and *Saturday Reviews*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Punch*, *Blackwood*, *Fraser*, *Macmillan*, the *Cornhill*, all the lighter magazines, and most of those published on the Continent, and, setting aside certain restricted funds, the library council have less than \$400 with which to purchase books in the wide subjects of theology, law, medicine, bibliography, philosophy, politics and social science, philology (excepting classical), the fine arts, music, the *belles-lettres* in every language but the English, history, geography, travels, antiquities and ethnography, zoölogy, botany, mineralogy, geology and palæontology, physics, chemistry, engineering, and the numerous useful arts and manufactures. When few books of any importance can be purchased for less than \$5, and so necessary a book as the "Life of Bunsen" costs \$26, it will readily be seen that the library may well be "sadly deficient in the literature of the last ten years."

—Mr. Bouton will describe in a catalogue soon to be printed three or four works of a sort not often offered to the American, nor indeed any other, book-buyer. First is Hogarth's complete works, comprising three folio volumes, containing 329 plates, together with their variations, *i.e.*, First, Second, Third, and Fourth State, which number 91 more. For this collection, probably not matched in this country, \$1,200 is expected. The second

work is a copy of Spence's "Anecdotes, Observations, and Characters of Books and Men," extended from one to four volumes by the insertion of more than two hundred and forty portraits and views—all of which are in proof condition—and the originals of all the letters mentioned in Spence's appendix. Autographs of Pope, Christopher Pitt, Bobb Doddington, Hume, Joseph Warton, Robert Dodsley, Stephen Duck, and so on, are among these originals. It seems safe to say that the possession of these letters will ensure this copy from being surpassed by any hereafter made, as certainly it is superior to any other now known as having been made already. The price set upon this work is one thousand dollars. A fine Byzantine manuscript—"Evangelia Quatuor, Græce"—on vellum, declared to have been written in the latter half of the ninth century, adorned with paintings of the four Evangelists, and with capitals and headings in gold, is offered for \$2,100. For \$1,235 one may buy a complete set—the completest set Mr. Quaritch had ever seen—of the old English Chronicles, including, as well as those of Froissart, Monstrelet, Hollinshed, William of Malmesbury, Robert of Gloucester, and others usually put together in sets of Chronicles, Fuller's "Worthies," Roberts's "Chronicles of the Kings and Chronicle of London," and others too numerous to be mentioned here, and which we advise such of our readers as can to go and look at as specimens of fine binding, if not as possible inmates of their libraries.

#### KIRK'S "CHARLES THE BOLD."\*

AMERICAN historiography, like American history, has its starting point in the discovery of this continent. Its first productions—be the cause rational choice, predilection, or accident—cluster around that natural base as if around a fountain-head, from which its streams are to flow through radiating channels in various directions. Irving takes us to Andalusia to witness the great departure from Palos, and after carrying us across the sea with his hero, "Christopher Columbus," and across the new continent with the "Companions of Columbus," he returns to the Hispano-Moorish province, studies and sketches the "Conquest of Granada," the Moslem stronghold, and in after-life reaches both ends of his double course in his "History of Mahomet and his Successors" and in his "Life of Washington." The downward western course is more amply developed by Sparks, Bancroft, and Palfrey, but Prescott takes us back to Spain and the times of "Ferdinand and Isabella," to descend to those of their grandson, Charles V., in his "Conquest of Mexico" and "Conquest of Peru," and finally to those of their great-grandson, "Philip the Second." Motley takes up this line, going over from Charles V. and Philip of Spain to their revolted subjects in the Low Countries, and in his "Rise of the Dutch Republic" and the "History of the United Netherlands," describes the grandest and purest struggles of Protestantism, the further grapplings of which with the power of the house of Austria he intends to sketch—if the report be true—in a history of the Thirty Years' War. Kirk, another and more intentional continuator of Prescott, goes a step further backward, ascending to an earlier period of the history of the Netherlands, which the daughter of his hero, "Charles the Bold," Mary of Burgundy—the grandmother of Charles V.—was to bring over, as her dowry, to the house of Austria.

How far Mr. Kirk has been influenced in his choice of subject by the study of the rich collection on the close of the fifteenth century which Mr. Prescott and his heirs placed at his free disposal, it would be idle curiosity to enquire. In itself, had it been the object of the author to write a comprehensive work on the life or reign, and not also on the times, of Charles the Bold, we should have to pronounce this choice a decidedly unhappy one. Neither the moral nor the intellectual nor the military qualities of that Burgundian duke were such as to render him an object of just admiration; there was nothing great in his rise or exploits; nothing to move or astound in his fall. "That he was not a man of lofty genius or versatile talents, that his conceptions transcended his ability to execute, that he was especially deficient in that faculty of adapting his policy and mode of action to the dispositions and requirements of others, and to the exigencies of the moment," are conclusions which the author does not seek to disturb. . . . Granting that this new history, coming after "a mass of documents and relations have been dragged from their hiding-places, cleansed from the dust of ages, and thrust into publicity," "could not repeat the assertions that he was whirled along by the mere turbulence of his passions; that his conceptions were confused and his plans destitute of meaning or solidity; that he plunged without forethought into difficulties which he might easily have avoided; that he defied all obstacles, despised all considerations either of policy or right; and fell a victim to the insane

\* "History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. By John Foster Kirk." 3 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1864-1868.



pursuit of an empty fame;" granting all of that clearness of vision—"within a limited range"—those powers of reasoning, that consistency and soundness of his principles of action, that sense of equity and sincerity, which are claimed for him—always in palliation of bloody deeds and fatal errors—granting all this on the ground of these new discoveries, what is there, after all, that would constitute him a great man or monarch? "The virtues for which he stood conspicuous among princes—his continence, sobriety, unequalled laboriousness, rigid economy, strict impartiality, inaccessibility to sycophants and parasites, openness to every appeal, and promptness to expedite every affair," are qualities which can be found united in so small—were it not for Mr. Carlyle, we would say so contemptible—a monarch as Frederic William I., and found less closely connected "with a distempered judgment, extravagant fancies, and an inordinate egotism" (Vol. II., pp. 345-350). And whither that judgment, those fancies, and that egotism could lead, the descriptions of the sacks of Dinant, Liège, and Neale, of the ravage of Normandy, in 1472, and similar scenes, tell us but too distinctly. When Liège was taken Charles removed all formerly imposed restraint on passion. His soldiery was to know "no restriction, no cause for secrecy or fear. Rapacity, cruelty, lust—all the foul desires of the unbridled heart—were to rage with license and impunity." Blood "flowed in rivulets upon the floors" of "all, or nearly all," the "four hundred churches" of the city. "The monuments were broken, the tombs entered and despoiled. The convents were forced, the nuns violated. Neither age, sex, nor condition was respected. Where life was spared, it was in the hope of extorting ransom, or, more often, in order that death might be inflicted at greater leisure and with greater barbarity." On the following day the surviving aged persons, women, and young children were allowed to quit the town. "The remaining inhabitants were left entirely to the discretion of their captors. It was not so much a wanton carnage that ensued as a long series of cold-blooded murders. Hanging was a favorite mode of disposing of the prisoners. Some were thrown from the roofs of houses, and the mangled corpses left unburied in the streets. But, in general, they were collected in gangs, driven upon the bridge, tied together in twos or threes, and hurled into the flood beneath. It would be idle to attempt any estimate of the numbers that perished.

What is certain is, that nothing less was intended and deliberately aimed at than utter extermination" (II., 598-603). On the capture of Neale, Charles "entered the principal church without dismounting from his horse, whose hoofs plashed through a stream of blood that ran several inches deep upon the floor. As he gazed at this appalling sight, and at the corpses—already rifled and stripped—of men, women, and children," he muttered, "Here is a fine spectacle! Truly I have good butchers with me!" (II., 135-136). In the campaign of 1472, Charles "razed or burned, as appeared from the record kept by his provost-marshal, two thousand and seventy-two towns, villages, and castles" (II., 153). And besides these crimes, and perhaps his personal bravery, there is nothing extraordinary in the career of him whom some have called the "Napoleon of the Middle Ages." He resembled the great Corsican only in stubbornness, overbearing pride, and reckless selfishness. Not his greatness, but his fall, was his own work. His power he inherited, succeeding to his father, Philip the Good, in 1467, as Duke of Burgundy, Brabant, Limburg, and Luxembourg; Count of Flanders, Artois, Burgundy, Hainault, Holland, Zealand, and Namur; Lord of Friesland, Malines, etc. (I., 439). To these possessions he added Gueldres, Alsace, and Lorraine, grasped after more, strove for independence both of France and the Empire, by turns fought and intrigued with all his neighbors, tyrannized over his subjects, was assailed by a coalition, and fell manfully fighting. He created nothing, and left but ruins behind him.

But the aim of our author is higher. In the struggles of his hero, or rather of his heroes—for Louis XI. of France almost equally divides the interest of the book with the bold Duke of Burgundy—he attempts to sketch a period; that in which the stream of European history, before making the final precipitate plunge from mediæval into modern times, grew rapid and resistless. The Catholic Church, with its hierarchy; the feudal system, with its orders of chivalry; the civic communities, with their organization of labor and of trade, their leagues and confederacies, were to go down, "not because they were radically vicious and false, because their dominion had been wrongful or usurped," but because they had done their work, had "exhausted their vitality, in stimulating men to escape into simpler and broader forms of opinion and of life." They were shattered by the irrepressible struggle for a freer play of the principles which they had themselves embodied. "They were to go down before revolutions which were not so much a sudden inburst of new and before unheard of truths, or a return to primitive usages, to earlier and purer conceptions and beliefs, as the full development and open triumph of principles which had all along

been moulding the destinies of mankind, a taking possession of the inheritance that had accumulated through a long minority, the accomplishment of a design to which all that had gone before had tended and conduced." A greater era—the sixteenth century—was soon to set in, an era in which mankind would appear to have grown taller, in which the principal states of Europe would be "seen consolidated in the forms and within the limits which, for the most part, they have since retained;" and government, "resting on a new basis, having become at once authoritative and dependent—in a word, representative."

We have thus presented to our readers Mr. Kirk's own conception of this double picture, of a feudal prince struggling against destiny, and a period convulsed by an incipient process of transformation—a work of great dimensions, which he has constructed of materials no less zealously used than ample. This picture is wanting neither in grandeur of the *ensemble* nor in variety of figures, neither in power of delineation nor of vividness of coloring, neither in symmetry of grouping nor in minute elaboration of details. If it lacks the power to produce a great and pleasant emotion, the defect must be attributed to the total absence of attractive characters, the pettiness and grotesqueness of the central figure, the repulsiveness of many others—like Louis XI., Frederic and Sigismund of Austria, Adolphus of Gueldres, or Hagenbach—and the horror or disgust with which endless scenes of carnage necessarily inspire us. These blemishes are inherent in the subject, and the author has exerted himself to veil them—at least some of them—rather more, perhaps, than is compatible with strict fidelity to history. We have already mentioned his great fondness for his hero, Charles, in spite of his acknowledged defects. This we should be inclined to judge leniently as a natural foible common to many writers long engaged in studying and depicting characters not devoid of virtue and vigor. We would fain pardon the numberless and often tedious expositions of circumstances and causes and difficulties and motives by which the writer, reasoning with and for Charles, labors to explain, to palliate, or to exculpate his actions, sometimes with perhaps no less zeal and no more success than those historians who exhaust their powers to prove that the first Emperor of France, in his wars, was not so much an aggressor as a victim of aggression. But we must decidedly condemn that excess of whitewashing ardor which, overstepping the limits of a fair defensive, becomes passionately and vituperatively offensive, and, while claiming all possible indulgence for one universally accused and condemned, is unsparing in virulent invective against his opponents. A course like this—as pursued by our author, *pro* Charles and Hagenbach *contra* Swiss cantons and Alsatian towns—may be expedient in a forum; it is as useless as unfair in history. Louis XI., too, we believe, is too favorably treated, and altogether we too often discover unmistakable traces of Carlylean hero-worship—in a mild form, however. Carlylean talkativeness is equally discoverable here and there; and we are also inclined to believe that, had there been no such models as the Scotchman's "Frederic the Great," Mr. Kirk would never have drawn out his "Charles the Bold" to the length of seventeen hundred pages. The picture of the Burgundian prince is decidedly overlaid, and that partly with details which add nothing to our knowledge of his character or of the age, and which we should consider uninteresting in the delineation of even a monarch so little remote from our times and so grand in history as Frederic, or even Napoleon.

Our author's diction, too, though logical, lucid, and pleasant in general, is not free from blemishes. It is often too florid and pictorial, not rarely turgid, and very frequently digressive, prolixly discursive and argumentative. It indulges too much in similes and generalizing remarks. Neither has it a pronounced and steady character. We are here reminded of Macaulay, there of Lamartine, elsewhere of Carlyle or Michelet, and most frequently of Prescott. Inaccurate, inelegant, and illogical expressions occur here and there. Quotations in the notes from modern French and German works are often ungrammatically executed, while parts of others from mediæval books and manuscripts seem to be but too grammatically given. A few words from Heine, quoted from memory (I., 69), are disfigured in every way. In the text, however, everything foreign, names included, is most correctly rendered. We should prefer, however, "Dauphiny" (like "Normandy," "Picardy," "Brittany," etc.) to "Dauphiné," and (Swiss) "Friburg" to "Freyburg," "Middleburg" to "Middlebourg," and "Limburg" to "Limbourg." Statements of minor facts based on too slender a foundation seem to occur more frequently than even the poetry of history would cover with its license, but indisputable mistakes, such as the mention of Philip Second's visiting the Netherlands in 1529 (I., 68), or of an intended "expulsion of the Turks from Germany" long before they had taken a foothold in that country (II., 211), seem to be either misprints or slips of the pen.

## EGYPT'S PLACE IN HISTORY.\*

To write his five volumes of historical, philological, and scientific criticism, with a view to determine "Egypt's place in universal history," was with Bunsen a work of fifteen years. Simply to read those volumes, so as to master their contents and pronounce an intelligent opinion upon their theories and results, is the work of as many weeks; while to make a digest of them, and present a clear and consecutive view of their argument and its evidences, would require at least as many months. This last is what Mrs. Dall has attempted in a pamphlet of 100 pages, which she offers partly as a guide to students of the original work, but chiefly as a suggestive sketch to those who can afford neither time nor money for five octavos averaging 700 pages each and costing not less than \$70. To say that she has done her work fairly and well is high praise, for her task was like attempting to reduce the differential and integral calculus to the measure of a first book in arithmetic. Bunsen was an omnivorous student, devouring eagerly every form of knowledge that came within his reach, but he lacked the assimilative power of the thorough scholar. Of quick apprehension, great versatility, and prodigious industry, he yet wanted that patient discrimination which alone enables one to separate fact from conjecture, truth from theory, and to work up materials slowly and steadily upon the sure foundations of evidence. His identification of the *Philosophumena*, or the "Refutation of all Heresies," as a work of Hippolytus, after the Oxford press had issued it as a lost fragment of Origen, was a marvel of discernment and ingenuity, and soon received the suffrages of the learned world. But the rapidity with which he evolved from this treatise theories of religious faith, of church order and worship, of humanitarian progress, of the philosophy of language, was a characteristic illustration of the essentially speculative tendencies of his mind. With a scientific spirit and ostensibly a scientific method, Bunsen nevertheless failed of the true scientific faculty either for the discriminating selection of details or the logical combination of materials. His great work on Egypt betrays this defect.

A member of his family once informed us that Baron Bunsen had in his study three distinct working-tables: one for diplomatic correspondence and public affairs, another for Egyptology, and a third for church questions and miscellaneous studies; and that he would pass from one to another of these without relaxation or loss of time. It has seemed to us in reading his "Egypt's Place in History" that in writing it he must sometimes have fancied himself engaged upon a work of diplomacy, and at others have mistaken it for the promiscuous receptacle of his third table. It is a work that always impresses us with a profound respect for the author's varied attainments, for his grasp of intellect, his conscientious labor after truth, and his devout and earnest spirit; but the more we study it, the greater is our distrust of Bunsen as an authority. He has accumulated a vast amount of materials bearing upon his subject—some only in a remote way—and has marshalled these with ingenuity, with eloquence, and often with force, in support of his theory. But where a fact is wanting he substitutes an arbitrary or fanciful conjecture, and then reasons from this as if it were an established fact, and builds up theories from conclusions compounded equally of speculation and knowledge. His work will always be indispensable to the student because of its grand array of historical and philological data; many of its suggestions and conclusions may stand the final test of criticism and discovery, and its generous enthusiasm will impart to it a perpetual freshness. Mrs. Dall is a devoted admirer of Bunsen, and accepts his every word as the utterance of an oracle. Hence her "Presentation" has also the tone of an apology, and should be taken *cum grano*. But one can learn from her pages what Bunsen sought to accomplish and believed himself to have accomplished, and the grounds upon which his chronological scheme is based. We admonish our readers, however, that this pamphlet is not of the nature of light literature, but will task their thinking powers like a mathematical problem. But the study of Egyptology can no longer be ignored as barren and chimerical; it is not only rewarding, but fascinating, as is any subject where the lines of mystery and of discovery continually interblend. Mrs. Dall has provided a good hand-book for beginners.

## THE MAGAZINES FOR JULY.

As nicely done and as pleasant to read as anything in the July *Harper's* is Mr. Curtis's "chaffing" of "Thomas Tomahawk, Esquire," a critic of art in "an influential morning paper." The badinage is rather more than half

contemptuous; perhaps there is a shade too much seriousness in it, but on the whole it is gay and graceful, and the satirist preserves well the tone of easy superiority to his victim. We are bound to say, however, that on the merits of the question raised we think the art-critic right, and the critic of his criticism wrong. Why, sure enough—as T. T. is supposed to enquire,—why should the critic of painting do his work in fond and genial memory of the golden days when "Giovanni was one of us," and "Tomaso" was one of us, and we all used to float, holding the while melodious converse, over the lagunes of Venice? There seems no reason why, none which in the interest of true criticism must be accepted as good. To write "for the honor of remembered Italy and sacred friendship" is not, probably, to write with the ardent desire "to see the thing as it is," nor to write very valuable criticism—valuable to us, for example, who perhaps want information as to whether Tomaso and Giovanni are to be admired, nor of great value, we suppose, to Tomaso and Giovanni themselves. The Easy Chair, it appears to us, made the mistake of putting T. T. in an impregnable position before going into the fight. Mistake, we say, for there was no need of it; he might have been left in the open field. And for our own part we should not have said that "the edge of Tomahawk's weapon is so sharp, and the gleam of the blade so bright, and the thrust so trenchant, that it is always pleasant to the spectator to watch his play." To some otherwise indifferent spectators of his mode of warfare it is a spectacle that they would describe as odious, and, to use strong words, painful and disgusting. But for the doing of certain things it is punishment enough to have done them. Besides, it is hardly our place here to say more of the matter.

The illustrated papers in *Harper's* are "Street Pavements," "Among the Andes of Peru and Bolivia," by E. G. Squier; "New York in the Revolution," "David Garrick," "The Fashions in Guinea," and an instalment of Mrs. Craik's love story. The Reverend Dr. Newman Hall's "Address to the American People" is good-natured and sound, but will hardly keep any very large portion of the people "awake nights" by its novelty. It is a good sample of a kind of literature to which our late war gave occasion, and which is not entirely pleasing—that kind which says to us, "Come, let us reason together," and says it in a tone which does not give us over-much credit for ability to reason coolly on our course in national emergencies. It is just precisely in these, however, if we are anywhere superior to the rest of mankind, that we are furthest ahead of creation in general.

There is no very clever article in this month's *Lippincott's*, but several of the articles will be read with pleasure. "A Literary Hospital" is by a physician apparently, and treats in a humorous way of the medical knowledge displayed by novelists when they go into the sick-room or the hospital. The fact is that a thoroughly good realistic novelist would call in a physician when his characters are taken down, and have them put through the regular course on payment of the regular fees. Struggling young medical students could be got to do it cheap, or retired physicians who cure by mail if the sufferer will fill in the blanks of a printed form of diagnosis. Not so much is made of the "Literary Hospital" as might have been made of it, but it was well thought of, it is well written, and the anonymous author has made a good first step in magazine writing. So, if it is his first step, has Mr. R. Wilson in "The Legend of Ball's Lake." It is a tale of Marion and his men, preceded by a good description of South Carolina swamp waters and of a fishing party of the old times. We can recommend for perusal "The Chinese in California," although it is too slight, and although the author leaves his facts, which we wanted to hear, and gives us theorizing, which is not very profitable, as to God's intentions in permitting the Chinese to come to this country and in simultaneously causing the small California boys to be born with bigger heads than the young of any other State in the Union. On the whole, however, the paper is a good one and worth reading. We say the same of almost all the other articles except the poetry and "No More Metaphysics," which latter is a sad example of what is often enough seen—namely, a man who thinks he knows a subject, who has been for years thinking so, who has written upon it with some acceptance, who would be reduced to a condition near to speechlessness if some one were to tell him that he really knows nothing about it, and yet who for some reason—the mental structure of some distant ancestor, perhaps—is quite incapable of making so much as even a beginning to think on it. We should remark before leaving *Lippincott's* that Miss Annie Thomas has a little story in it. So has Miss Maria L. Pool, a young writer of some ability, who is travelling in a road that will lead her into no very fine places, and who would do well to stop short and give some hard study to the story-telling trade before practising it any more.

The brokers who are never tired of talking over the fight, and who sin-

\* "Egypt's Place in History. A Presentation. By Mrs. Dall." Boston: Lee & Shepard.



cerely reverence Mr. Vanderbilt and think Mr. Drew (a new and revised edition of) the noblest work of God, will like Mr. Medbery's *Atlantic* article on "The Great Erie Imbroglio." But the *Atlantic's* usual readers will find it too technical, we should say, and will bring away from it no very clear idea of what it was all about, or at any rate of just how the battle was fought. "Tonelli's Marriage" is a little picture from Venice by Mr. Howells—the pathos and the mirth and the business all a little dim and dreamy, and seeming far off, as we suppose is right when the time and place is the Venice of a decade since. Mr. Henry James, Jr., writes "De Grey: A Romance." The romancer's success, as distinguished from the novel-writer's, is, doubtless, that he creates not new individuals of our species and puts them in known places, but that he creates for his characters a world with certain new conditions, or makes this everyday life strange and new by bringing into it characters differing from men and women of flesh and blood. Mr. James has been more than tolerably successful, we think, in "De Grey," though perhaps it is better to read it as hints towards a tragical story, with the priest for chief actor, than as a romance. "St. Michael's Night" will not, we presume, be as a story anything but one of the ordinary love stories. But apparently it is to be praised as having much of local truth in its pictures of Norman scenes and the character of Norman peasants and fishermen; and certainly it is very honest and well-finished writing, which might well be given as a lesson to nine out of ten of our women that write. Even better than that—we speak of the reader's pleasure, and not of the nature of the writer, as revealed by her style—the author shows that she has an eye for character, and quick, true sympathies. Read, for example, her account of the touching conversation between Jeanne and Epiphanie as they walked together to Dieppe on the day of the fête. On "Modern French Painting," as criticism of paintings, we are incompetent to give an opinion. As a rule, however, we find ourselves disinclined to take the word of a declaiming person on any subject whatever. The Frenchman is believed—in England and the British colonies—to admire the Englishman very much because, when he tells the Frenchman a lie, he commits the crime with so little gesticulation and protestation, with an air of such unconcern, of such indifference as to whether his interlocutor takes it or leaves it, that the light Gaul is very apt to be often fearfully deceived. Thus should art criticism also be written for the calculating American. Most of us cannot tell, when the talk is of painting, whether a man is telling us the sacred truth or endeavoring to hoax us, and we assure Mr. Benson that he stands an indefinitely better chance of commanding our assent if he rhapsodizes not at all, nor flings gay-colored adjectives about, nor gets ecstatic to any great degree of ecstasy; it ought to be done with a firm face and a thoroughly composed demeanor. Mr. Whipple furnishes a set of his rough-and-ready criticisms—"surface indications" of the wealth beneath—on Daniel, Drayton, Giles and Phineas Fletcher, Hall, Herbert, Donne, and some others of the minor Elizabethan or post-Elizabethan poets. We must not forget to mention the article on the Coral Islanders, which gives an amusing account of the miseries among the missionaries of two bad seamen who proposed to themselves a life of license in Manihiki, and were set to work on the roads.

For poetry in this month's *Atlantic* we have the "Dole of Jarl Thorkell," which sings, in cadences of sweet irregularity, Mr. Whittier's benign creed. The two other pieces are by Mr. R. S. Spofford and Mrs. H. Prescott Spofford, and they make this reviewer sigh—as much in anticipation as from present trouble. It is the appearance of verses like this in a magazine like the *Atlantic*, that encourages countless millions of editors and poets to write and print similar verses in quantities incalculable.

Readers of the *Catholic World* will be interested in an English Romanist's account of the "Condition and Prospects of Catholics in England." Four hundred and thirty-four was the number of priests in England forty years ago; now it is, in England and Scotland, 1,639, to say nothing of 67 monasteries or similar collections of men, and 227 nunneries. The magazine begins with "A Plea for Liberty of Conscience." The Roman Catholics in the United States are, so to speak, under a cloud; there is a system of domestic and social tyranny which impedes a person in his right to embrace, profess, and practise the Catholic religion. We very much doubt if there is much cause for complaints of this kind. However, if there were, it would not be wonderful. Americans generally distrust the Catholic Church; most of them believe it is never safe to trust good Roman Catholics with power over others, and, loving personal liberty, they dislike to see the strength of "the Church" increased. "An Italian Girl of Our Day" continues to be very good. This instalment of "Science and Faith" is like the others; it might be constructed from the title by any person of average reading who knew for what magazine the essay was to be prepared; there

is nothing new in it. "The Legend of Glastonbury" is an amusing story, and "Glimpses of Tuscany" is not bad reading of the tourists' kind, though not exciting. The translator of Petrarch's "St. Mary Magdalen" seems to have wilfully perverted the text; some of his errors are too obvious not to have been purposely made. The other poetry is pretty—that on "Wild Flowers" very pretty for the dramatic way in which it is told.

*Putnam's* seems to be the best of the July magazines, and a very long way indeed ahead of what it has ever been before since its resurrection. It begins with a readable article on "Mural Paintings at Pompeii," by Mr. Bayard Taylor. One of the things that prevents one's enjoying Mr. Taylor's writing is, that one sees there need be no end to it when he has once begun. The imagination is haunted and dismayed by a fear that he will flow on for ever and ever, as he undoubtedly might. But we found in the case of this article that the fear we speak of might safely be dismissed, and it is worth reading and pleasant enough from beginning to end. "My Berkshire Home" is some realistic poetry, the best yet published in *Putnam's*, but full of minor faults. "Brutish" is an odd choice of an adjective in this line:

. . . . "The flock and spotted herd  
Both daily lick my hand with brutish joy."

But the poem is full of the peace of nature. "Life in Paris" is by Mr. C. W. Elliott, who makes his article more valuable by giving at the end of it a letter from an American long resident in France, who decidedly dissents from Mr. Elliott's conclusions. Thus the reader has put before him in rather a novel way his bane and antidote. The "Journal of a Poor Musician" is, we are glad to see, to be continued. "Cotton Planting at Port Hudson," "The Fables of Bidpai," and "After Three Thousand Years" will be found agreeable reading, and readers will be interested in the exposure of the Rev. Eleazer Williams, "The Last of the Bourbons," who is pretty plainly shown to have been a mere pretender. We commend to the notice of all whom it concerns the remarks of the art editor on a recent appointment to the Chair of Fine Arts in Michigan University. It is anything but genial, and can hardly fail to do good.

The same thing is not to be said of the criticism in *Hours at Home*. The readers of the review of new books in that periodical, if they trust at all to the editor's sentences, must be without any knowledge of the absolute or the relative value of the books of the month. Aside from the critical notices and the large patch of dulness made by the "Chaplet of Pearls," the July number of *Hours at Home* is a good one. Doctor Bushnell has an eloquent paper with the title "Training for the Pulpit Manward," which sounds as much like a name given in baptism to a Puritan child of two hundred and twenty years ago as like an educated man's title for an oration. The body of the article has instances of the same fault, but it is just in thought and fit to be pondered by theological students who intend preaching. Another good article, "Christianity and Morality," is by M. Guizot. It is translated from the *Revue Chrétienne*, in which its author permitted it to appear before its publication in his forthcoming volume of "Meditations upon the Christian Religion." "Translations of the 'Dies Iræ'" is by Dr. Schaff, who ought to have taken a little more room and made a somewhat better finished article on a topic of which he is in some respects very well qualified to treat. Doctor J. F. Hurst sends home some anecdotes about the late King of Bavaria which are very kind to that monarch's memory, and will cause some surprise in the minds of those of us who have been thinking of him as a very bad old man of good tastes, who loved tyranny and Lola Montez.

The *Galaxy* for the coming month is of its usual goodness. Doctor Hammond makes an article on "The Brain and the Spinal Cord" which, doubtless, is to be accepted as authoritative, and may therefore be read with satisfaction. "T. W." will tell those who care to know about the great diamonds of the world, and he seems to have a little vein of pleasing humor. Miss Anna L. Johnson writes a story and an attempt at estimating Margaret Fuller, which are unequally disagreeable, the story being less affected, and giving fewer signs of the writer's ill-cultivated likings in literature, than the biographical sketch. A course of Dryden, say, or Boswell's Johnson, or the Duke of Wellington's Despatches would be the literary salvation of numbers of people who are now writing in the magazines and newspapers. To say a thing and have done with it; to say what one feels, no more and no less; to find out just what one thinks and put it into plain English without grimacing, is what we have more of in American literature than we used to have, but what we have too little of by far. Bad models, we imagine, are chargeable with the faults of some of the worst offenders, but innate dishonesty of character is what it looks like, and what probably it is, in too many cases. "The Church of the Future" is Methodism, if we are to believe an

anonymous writer in the *Galaxy's* list. Whether or not he is somewhat mistaken, he gives a mass of statistics of Methodism which some people will be glad to have put before them. Miss Annie Thomas and Miss Maria L. Pool are to be found in the *Galaxy* as well as in *Lippincott's*; Mr. Eugene Benson is in it ("Eastman Johnson") as well as in the *Atlantic*, and so is Mr. Henry James, Jr., whose story is called "Osborne's Revenge." There are all sorts of possibilities as to how it may turn out, and the reader is kept in suspense till the end, gazing on the inscrutability of Miss Congreve, and not feeling very well paid for his time when she and her lovers turn out to be nothing in particular. A writer in the "Nebulae" quotes from John Fletcher some lines of a hymn to Venus, which must have been, the writer thinks, consciously or unconsciously, in Mr. Emerson's mind when he wrote *Brahma*. It is possible; but the poem remains as much Mr. Emerson's as before. It is to be found set forth in full in the essay on the Over-Soul in Emerson's prose works. Indeed, it is merely the Indian mystic's conception of life and being; and not the Indian mystic's alone, but the conception to which, so far as we can tell, idealists of all ages and countries have been sure to come. The Elizabethan poet stringing conceits about Love, or, if you like to say so, philosophizing in the idealistic manner about love, may say what seems good to him. All the same if he had never existed, the transcendentalist, endeavoring to put into English the Brahminical view of being, would have been compelled by unescapable necessity to say just what Mr. Emerson said. Of course, we speak as to the essence of the poem; "the red slayer" and other figures might be varied an utterly inconceivable number of times. But it is precisely in the figures or properties, so to speak, that Emerson and Fletcher differ. They differ, then, where they should, and the coincidence in idea is to be spoken of as mere coincidence. It is not to be forgotten that Mr. Emerson's whole being has long been saturated with this Orientalism, and to seek in Fletcher for the source of particular manifestations of it is to look in some pitcher for the source and origin of a drop of the water of the sea.

*Man: Where, Whence, and Whither?* Being a Glance at Man in his Natural History Relations. By David Page, LL.D. (New York: Moorhead, Simpson & Bond. 1868.)—The answers to the first and second questions on the title-page of this work are in the main a statement of the argument in favor of accounting for the origin of man through the theory of progressive development, the argument being based upon man's zoological and ethical relationships, physical surroundings, and geological history. The reasoning followed is not essentially different from that usually adopted, and, as far as the statement goes, has the merit of being clearly and methodically, though we cannot say that it is always carefully, made. A theory of progressive development of some kind meets with favor at the present time from such leading naturalists as Von Baer, Owen, Huxley, Siebold, Darwin, Rutemeyer, and others, chiefly, as we believe, because it enables one to form a reasonable conception of the mode of the incoming of organic forms upon the surface of the earth. Such a theory has in its favor the support of obvious analogies, seen in the development of plants and animals as it takes place daily under our eyes, each individual always passing from homogeneous organic matter, or at least from a nucleated cell, to a more or less complex structure of tissues and organs. In addition to this, there is in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, as they now exist, on the whole, a progressive series of forms, though not without gaps and breaks, and among the extinct races other forms which make these breaks both fewer and smaller, though they do not bridge them over. Lastly, the whole history of the organic world points to an upward manifestation of life-force. Nevertheless, the progressive development of each individual organism out of a simple structure is no proof that the same is true of the race, and if the breaks in the animal series were wholly filled up, and there were as many intermediate forms between man and apes as the most zealous transmutationist might desire, although the consistency of facts and theory would thus become vastly more impressive, the actual derivation of one species from another would still remain to be proved. The mode of bringing about the transmutation, whether by "natural selection," according to Darwin, or by certain inherent qualities of the primordial forms, according to others, is a matter of secondary consideration, and about which the advocates of progressive development might widely differ.

The great and obvious difficulty in the way of the theory at present is the absence of any proof that the needed transmutations have taken place, and the opponents—foremost among whom is Agassiz, whose opinions are entitled to the highest consideration on account of the comprehensive manner in which he has studied through his busy life both extinct and existing forms—can point complacently at this negative objection. They do

not, however, offer anything as a substitute for the theory they reject, unless it be, in the absence of any proof to the contrary, the view admitted by some, that all organic forms became at once, at the very beginning of their existence, the perfect beings we now see, through the coming together of inorganic atoms. This hypothesis is without a single analogy or positive observation in its favor, and at present is equally incapable of proof with the transmutation process itself.

Dr. Page's book is a special plea for transmutation, and for the most part his case is well presented; but he not unfrequently damages the cause he advocates by unwarranted assumptions, all the more damaging because they form so important a part in the foundations of his argument. The assertions that the mollusc is but "a more concentrated expression" of the radiate and articulate, and "the vertebrate a higher specialization of the mollusc," is conclusive evidence that the author is ignorant of the fact that the ablest comparative anatomists have failed to recognize any common type for these groups, a circumstance entirely opposed to the derivation of one from the other. Again, "reasoning from what we know," he says, "the Caucasian, or white man, has been preceded by the Mongol, Red Indian, and Malay; and these, in turn, were preceded by the Ethiopian or negro." As far as our knowledge of the relative antiquity of the races goes, the very reverse seems to be the case. The oldest remains of man hitherto discovered are not from Africa, but from the north of Europe, France, and California, and in their anatomical features do not even suggest the negro. Notwithstanding these and other defects, the work we are considering leaves upon the mind the feeling that the theory of progressive development is assuming day by day larger proportions and a more definite shape; but before it can be accepted as a legitimate hypothesis, it must await further research into that early condition out of which, if the hypothesis be true, man must have emerged before he became even a worker of stone or clay—when he stood on the borders of the brute creation.

*Where is the City?* (Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868.)—"Israel Knight, just under his majority, and fresh from a college"—which we may conjecture to have been a "business college," from the degree of subtle appreciation of the niceties of his native tongue which his style betrays, and the fine commercial air which pervades his correspondence and his "notes" on theological topics—set out to discover which among several of the sects of Christendom embodied the whole of Christian doctrine and practice. Having read the results of his investigations with some care, we find ourselves undecided whether to consider him as having conducted them in the interests of "our Roman Catholic brethren," or simply in his own interests as a maker of salable books. There is something to be said in behalf of each supposition—very little for the book itself, regarded in any other light than that in which it affects the publisher and the author. As a contribution to religious thought, or, indeed, to thought of any kind, it is absolutely worthless. After peering into various dark closets to find the sun, the ardent seeker after light who plays the part of hero reports that it is to be found in none of them—which may be a just, but is surely an insignificant conclusion. There is an elaborate show of fairness about his researches, which appearance is partly owing to the fact that he is to be described as a thinker of the "ardent and sensitive" stamp, prone to look at the illuminated side of things; to weep in Spiritualist circles when his deceased relatives appear over his left shoulder; to "free his mind" in Methodist love-feasts; and to be frequently in imminent danger of being converted to different sets of opinions. Nothing saves him but a great natural facility for blowing hot and cold in one breath. Except the Spiritualists, it is only among the Protestant sects that he looks, and he fixes his attention on the most orthodox division of each of them—what he calls "the right wing"—in order that his dissent from them shall be seen to proceed not from a consideration of their perversions, but from something unsatisfactory in their premises. According to Mr. Parton, the Catholics are just now very busy in the work of converting us all to the true fold—in the light of which fact this little book, which assumes to hold on to the fundamental principles of Christianity on one side, while carrying on a suggestive process of elimination among the sects on the other, wears a somewhat dubious and Jesuitical air. We ourselves, however, incline to the book-making theory as a sufficiently plausible one to account for its production. There is a want of acuteness in its investigations and of perceptible direction in its conclusions which is better adapted to interest without seriously dissatisfying the members of the different religious bodies of which it treats than to make it an efficient agent in the work of proselytism. As its thought is superficial, and its style by no means good, various considerations as to the shortness of human life decide us not to recommend it for perusal.



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**Criticism without Knowledge.**

[From the Boston Transcript, of June 1, 1868.]

IGNORANCE OF "THE NATION."—Professor Calvin E. Stowe's learned paper on the Talmud, in the last *Atlantic Monthly*, is criticised in the *Nation*. That journal accuses him of various mistakes. The ignorance, however, is all on the side of the *Nation*. The astute critic says: "Meir, for example, is spelled in three ways; it never appears twice alike, and it never appears in its correct form." The critic evidently does not know that the names are quite different; there being six; to wit—Mair, Maler, Mayer, Meir, Meyer, Meier, and in every instance Professor Stowe gives the right name. The critic also accuses the Professor of translating certain German [and Hebrew] letters wrong, whereas the Professor always follows the true German mode.

[From the Springfield Republican, of June 3.]

The Boston Transcript has another sharp hit at the New York Nation, which said that Professor Stowe was careless and made numerous mistakes in his May paper on the Talmud, in the *Atlantic*. "The ignorance, however, is all on the side of the *Nation*. The astute critic," etc.

[From the Boston Watchman and Reflector, of June 11.]

The *Nation* makes a ridiculous display of ignorance in criticising Professor Stowe's article on the Talmud in the last *Atlantic*. The very points made by the astute editor are so many proofs of the Professor's accuracy. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

[From the Boston Transcript, of June 8.]

"THE NATION" AND PROFESSOR STOWE.—On the first of this month we denied the correctness of a criticism in the New York Nation on Professor Stowe's article in the last *Atlantic* on the Talmud. It appears, on further examination, that the *Nation* was right, and that we were wrong, though our remarks were based on the assurance of a Hebrew scholar whose judgment in such matters, and in this particular case, we had every reason to suppose accurate authority.

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